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WITH FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT: THE DEATH OF THE POPE. SIXPENCE.

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THE TEMPORARY HEAD OF THE CHURCH OF ROME: CARDINAL OREGLIA LEAVING THE VATICAN, ESCORTED BY THE SWISS GUARD.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT ROME.

*On the death of Pope Leo XIII. Cardinal Oreglia, the Camerlengo, at once assumed the charge of the Roman Catholic Church, receiving the "annulus piscatorius," after its withdrawal from the dead Pontiff's finger, as an outward sign of the temporary transfer of the Pontifical authority.*



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Painters, as a rule, are quiet folk, who speak to us from the canvas, and are seldom articulate to the world in any other way. This is so much of a convention that the painter in novels is always a silent man with a beard, a pipe, and a velvet jacket. Accustomed to express himself in paint, he has many dreams and few words. "J. J.," the little artist in "The Newcomes," the deformed son of a butler, is presented to us usually in a state of dumb rapture, with his inner eye turned on visions of beauty, which his pencil reproduces, filling Clive Newcome with generous envy. It is expected of painters, in fine, that they shall be content to see their masterpieces hung on the line, to make themselves nice at tea-parties, and to listen with appreciation to the talk of poets, novelists, statesmen, and journalists. I have often wondered whether Mr. Whistler would have astonished the world as he did if he had been faithful to this ideal. His repartees were more famous than his portraits. For one person who admires his "Carlyle" there are five hundred who remind you that when he was told that his work recalled Velasquez, he retorted, "Why drag in Velasquez?" I remember my extreme disappointment when I passed a whole evening in his company, and he did not drop one mordant epigram on anybody's character.

A great painter, he was a still greater egotist. He was the flat contradiction of Ruskin's theory that no artist can achieve high excellence without a devout and reverent spirit. For this reason his famous collision with Ruskin in a court of law had a certain ironical fitness. Nominally it was provoked because the author of "Modern Painters" condemned a wonderful "Nocturne" as an imposture; but in reality, I suspect, the mocking demon in Whistler wanted a pretext for flying at this game. Ruskin had a philosophy, and even a gospel of art, and Whistler yearned to turn it to ridicule before a British jury. He did not believe that the British jury knew any more about art than Ruskin; but that made the situation all the more piquant. The conception of this jest was subtle; but I could never understand why he challenged Mr. George Moore to a duel. If this also was a jest, it was a melancholy failure, for Mr. Moore easily turned the laugh against him by pointing out that a duel with a short-sighted old gentleman, who could not see anything at twenty paces, would be grotesque. To be quite fair, however, I must record the opinion which a friend of Whistler's gave me at the time. "You have missed the joke altogether," said this authority. "Whistler did not want to fight Moore, or even to make Moore ridiculous; he meant the absurdity to recoil on the two solemn Frenchmen who consented to act as his seconds, and wrote Moore a letter." This picture of Whistler laughing at the foreigners who took him seriously may have been true; or it may have been the fancy of a friend too loyal to admit any criticism on the man, either as artist or humorist. In either case, the point of the joke was too distant for universal enjoyment.

Nearly thirty years ago Whistler painted the portrait of a famous actor in one of his impersonations. It represented a haughty Spaniard with a pair of long white legs; and when it hung on a wall in a dim light, you might have mistaken it for two pillars of stone in some Egyptian ruin. It always reminded me of the painter in Mürger's "Vie de Bohème," who used to send to the Salon every year, in a different guise, the picture which was always rejected. First it was the "Passage of the Red Sea"; next year it was "Napoleon Crossing the Alps." Finally the artist made it "The Port of Marseilles," and sold it to a grocer, who hung it outside his shop as a sign. It was loudly applauded by the whole street, and the painter, who was passing at the time, thoughtfully observed, "The voice of the people is the voice of God!" Whistler might have turned his Spanish portrait with equal facility into archæological remains. It was not painted as a commission; and when the actor casually asked the price, and was told seven hundred guineas, he talked of something else. Not long after, he happened to call on a picture-dealer, and noticed under a heap of unconsidered trifles in a corner the protrusion of a pair of legs that seemed familiar. "What is the masterpiece you have there?" he asked. "That!" said the dealer; "oh, that's nothing at all. Let me show you now a work which is really worthy of your attention." But the actor insisted that the legs should be extracted from the heap, and he bought them there and then for twenty pounds. This story, I think, was not in Whistler's repertory.

An American lady has given an original account of the momentous transaction in the Garden of Eden. Eve, she says, was tempted by the promise of feminine emancipation. "Eat that apple," whispered the serpent, "and you'll get the franchise right away," or words to that effect. What was the motive of this crafty suggestion? The serpent knew that if Eve could be set on this

track of ambition she would not be content to mother the human race, but would neglect her proper duties for the sake of the ballot-box and a seat in Congress. The American lady appears to think that the forbidden fruit taught Eve in five minutes all that the most emancipated women know now. If so, why did she let Adam into the secret? Why say anything about the apple and its educational properties? If she had kept the information to herself, would the course of evolution have been different, and should we now be agitating for the emancipation of man? It is rather a bewildering hypothesis, because the serpent's object, it seems, was to stifle the human race by giving Eve an ambition above mere domesticity. She would not have had the suffrage and a seat in Congress after all, because mankind would have ended before these desirable things could fall within woman's reach.

How was this catastrophe averted? Adam and Eve were driven out of Eden, none the wiser, apparently, for their pilfering from the fatal tree. Or rather it would seem that Eve had forgotten all that she had learned, and Adam took excellent care not to remind her. Woman was kept henceforth in her proper place; at least in Asia, for Adam's male descendants there were taught by the tragedy of Eden "to fear all influences that call the female from her normal mission." How is this for a new light on theology? By Eve's "perversion of divinely appointed rules," says the American lady, our Asiatic ancestors were enfeebled in mind and body, and it took ages to restore the true development of mankind. For a long while the men were afraid to teach the women anything lest the tribes should be extinguished. At last it was observed that perfect ignorance in the mother was prejudicial to the children; and so there came a blessed compromise. To woman was vouchsafed "a slight enlightenment." She was allowed to nibble, so to speak, at the apple; and this is why the European races are superior to the Asiatic. She nibbled meekly and gratefully for many generations; but now she has taken to munching, and lo! the vision of the ballot-box and the seat in Congress, which dazzled Eve, is haunting her American daughters, who are neglecting their "normal mission" to such a degree that the peopling of their country has to be kept up by foreign immigration.

This comes of turning a "slight enlightenment" into a reckless appetite for knowledge. The *Spectator* had a delightful story the other day of an old lady who was complaining of modern flirtation. "I used to flirt when I was a girl," she said; "but it was in a Christian manner." Many an excellent woman of a bygone century, if she could speak now, would say, with a superior air, "I used to take an interest in books, but my enlightenment was providentially slight." The good souls who read Richardson's novels, and made elderberry-wine, probably thought they knew all that it was safe for women to know. I gather from the American lady that, unless the standard of "slight enlightenment" can be restored, the human species will die out, except in Oriental countries, where women are cheerfully illiterate, and their "normal mission" is secure. A day may come when there will be no white man left in America to lynch a negro, and when an adventurous pioneer from Tartary will sketch the ruins of the pork factories at Chicago long before Macaulay's New Zealander sits down on London Bridge to make his drawing of St. Paul's. Will this danger make Congress take the education of women severely in hand, and see that it is properly restricted?

A French doctor affirms that the human brain is overtaxed by the professional writers. We have no consideration for the poor reader, but force him to labour through involved sentences, intricate spelling, much repetition, and very long words. The doctor suggests that if we must use a long word like "tuberculosis," we should not inflict its appalling length upon the reader more than once, but indicate it by the initial letter "t." By this process an article might contain a large number of initial letters, and the reader would be constantly harking back to find what words begin with "p" and "q." Economy of time, says the French reformer, is most essential in reading. When you can make your meaning plainer by a diagram, do not bother the public with the delicacies of your prose. I read a book lately by a professor of literature who turned much of Shakspeare into triangles, and showed that one of his plots was a parallelogram. This was done, no doubt, in the interests of simplification, although the "s" of the "p" could scarcely have been apparent to a reader who chanced to be in a hurry. If you do not know what the "s" of the "p" means, you had better economise your time by reading this paragraph all over again. I see that a popular journal has started a prize competition in "word pictures." You study a drawing of a harrow and a gate, and, without any exhausting strain on the mind, discover that it means Harrogate. This pastime, I am told, is designed by doctors to soothe the declining years of people who have read too deeply and whose brains are nigh to bursting.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

"GLITTERING GLORIA," AT WYNDHAM'S.

A very whirlwind of noise and racket, a wild delirium of excitement and scramble proves the new farce at Wyndham's Theatre, which its author, Mr. Hugh Morton, styles, after its chorus-girl heroine, "Glittering Gloria." Really, though, this "wrecker of honest fire-sides" is almost a subordinate element in the bewildering riot, to the breathless continuance of which Mr. James Welch contributes so much alike as actor and as "producer." Amid the whirl of incoherent incident, which leaves its audience gasping and—oh, yes! certainly—diverted, may be distinguished, imprimis, an "earnest" bull-dog, which only attacks men wearing red ties; then various red-tie'd men who offer jewels to the chorus girl; then a fire-eating Texas "Colonel" who makes play with a pistol; also two jealous young ladies who pursue faithless swains till the latter take refuge and are locked up in railway-trunks; and finally a muddle-pated luggage official, who increases the imbrolio at Euston. The chief players who assist in this mad babel of fun and clamour are Mr. James Welch, duly worried and distressed as a rural solicitor; Mr. John Dixon, appropriately violent as the man from Texas; Mr. Lawrence Grossmith, amusingly foppish as a sham aesthete; Miss Dorothy Drake, a sufficiently "glittering" Gloria; and the bull-dog, inimitably impersonated by "himself."

"SHADES OF NIGHT," AT THE HAYMARKET.

As if Mr. Hubert Davies's delightful little comedy of "Cousin Kate" were not of itself sufficient summer entertainment, the Haymarket managers have increased the attractiveness of their programme by reviving an artificial but amusing first-piece of Captain Marshall's. The "Shades of Night" of its title are two costume-clad ghosts, who, to shame a squabbling pair of modern sweethearts, re-enact the tragic details of an antique love-quarrel, and cause amusement between whiles by droll asides and piquant self-criticisms, remarks rendered the more laughable at the Haymarket because they are mostly delivered by that polished comedian Mr. Eric Lewis. The crowds that should flock to the Haymarket to enjoy the delicious love-scene of "Cousin Kate" and the winsome acting therein of Miss Ellis Jeffreys will not find their time wasted if they arrive half an hour early to make the acquaintance of Mr. Marshall's comical "shades."

## ART NOTES.

We have lately had in a law court the over-ruling of a jury's verdict by the Judge; and somebody says that a blow has been struck thereby at the jury system. But the jury system has stood harder knocks than these; for it survived the patent absurdity to which it was reduced when Mr. Whistler brought his famous action for slander against Mr. Ruskin. Of all the jocosity which that suit presented, nothing was quite so jocose as the asking of twelve untaught men to decide between supreme experts on one of the most difficult and delicate problems of art, under the guidance of counsel and a Judge who knew, if possible, a little less than themselves about the matter in hand. The whole thing—Albert Moore's testimony for Mr. Whistler, and Burne-Jones's testimony for Mr. Ruskin into the bargain—was a very rank kind of comedy, apart from the tragedy—the greatest in the world—that two Masters were at war for the merriment of the Philistine. The artist sometimes thinks that the critic has an unfair advantage over him, resembling that which the preacher exercises from the pulpit over silenced hearers. But here the tables were turned; and Mr. Whistler, delighting in war, had at his mercy (which was small) the Slade Professor, who was a man of peace. The jury, probably feeling its own incapacity, and wanting to leave things where they found them, gave the critic the annoyance of a hostile verdict, and the painter the ignominy of a farthing damages. Thereupon the Judge left each party to pay, if he could, his own costs.

The memory of "old, unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago," now that Mr. Whistler is dead, must still prevail. For he had nearly as many quarrels as he had commissions, and unluckily a quarrel was generally a sequel to a commission. The list would be too long a one to print here, or would be left incomplete. "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," "The Baronet and the Butterfly," and other publications have put some of these disputes into the long keeping of history; and one does not imagine that history will be much enlightened. But Whistler's other acid-work will remain in his etchings to prove the genius that he could not write away; and of his oil-paintings the best—and these are to be got among the earliest—will survive to give glory to the art of the nineteenth century. The Luxembourg has the portrait of his mother (with whom he lived in the old days at Chelsea), and Scotland has his rendering of Carlyle, a picture of "splendid isolation." These two portraits of his are thus associated with Chelsea, where they were painted; and "The White Girl," that early work which (let it comfort our own Academy to remember) the Salon itself rejected and the Academy hung, if it hung badly, is now in the hands of a connoisseur in Chelsea. Of his etchings the Chelsea set will take rank among the finest.

Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen has been elected an Associate of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers. This accomplished artist, some of whose black-and-white work, reproduced by ordinary block processes, has become an object with the collector, shows himself as an oil-painter, now and again, on the walls of the Royal Academy—a master of portraiture and who has not yet got the place he merits. A disciple of Mr. Whistler, he is one of the artists most likely to benefit by the choice—mostly made by Mr. Whistler—of London as the headquarters of the International Artists, a tribute to our city from the brain which was often busily employed in the coinage of epigrams in her dispraise.







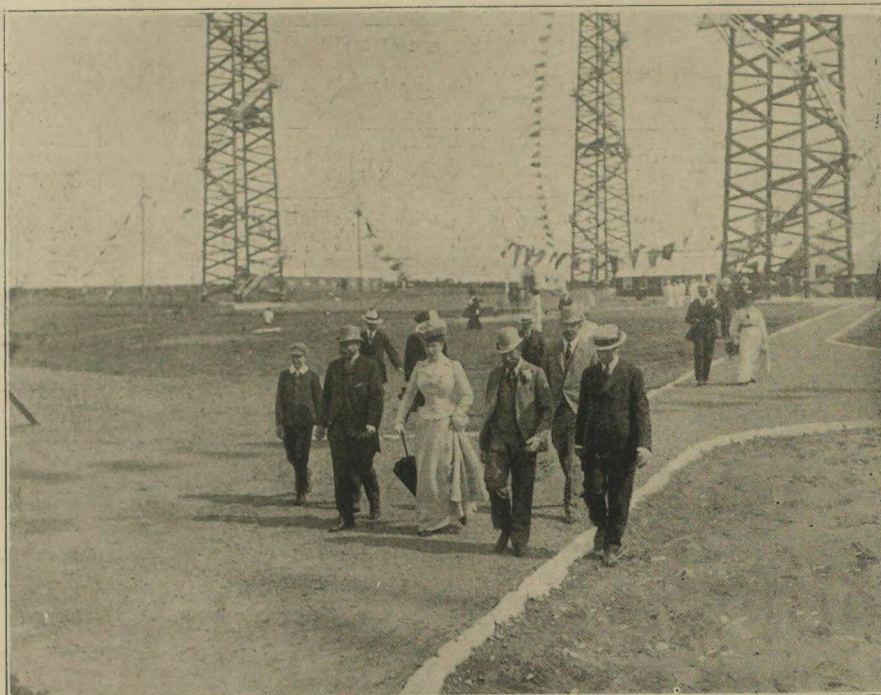
## THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE DEATH OF  
THE POPE.

The wonderful rally made by Leo XIII. on July 18—which caused even Dr. Lapponi to venture the opinion that the illness had entered upon a less acute stage, and that there was no immediate danger—proved, as many had feared, to be but the last flicker of a dying flame. On the evening of the same day his Holiness's condition became appreciably worse, and on the following morning it was thought advisable to summon Cardinal Vannutelli, whose duty it is, as Grand Penitentiary, to recite the last prayers at the bedside of the Pope. In the evening the patient became unconscious, and lay in a comatose condition until Monday, when at noon it became apparent that the end was very near. Warning was at once sent to all the Cardinals, and Monsignor Pifferi, the Pope's Sacristan, gave absolution "in articulo mortis." At the conclusion of the solemn rite Leo XIII.'s three nephews entered the bed-chamber, and then the dying Pontiff gave the first sign of a returning consciousness, slowly raising his hand in blessing, first to his relatives and then to the assembled dignitaries of the Church, with the words, "E questo l'ultimo vale." At four o'clock the end came peacefully, and the bronze gates of the Vatican were closed. At the same moment Monsignor Marzolini, throwing open the door of the library, in which were the Cardinals, prelates, and Ambassadors, cried out, "The Pope is dead!" All fell to their knees, while the Noble Guards at the door reversed arms. Meanwhile Pio Centra had covered his master's face with a white veil, and the Penitentiaries were reciting the Prayers for the Dead. Cardinal Oreglia, having received news of the Pope's death from a Master of the Ceremonies sent to him by Cardinal Rampolla, called together the Prelates of the Apostolic Chamber, and issued his orders. Directions were given that, with the exception of the prelates and the attendants on duty, everyone should leave the Vatican. One prelate was told off to close and lock all the desks and drawers in the Pope's rooms, while two others made an inventory of the contents of the apartments. The Camerlengo then donned his violet mourning robes, and, attended by the Prelates, entered the death-chamber, escorted by the Swiss Guard and the Noble Guard. The body had not been moved; round about it the Penitentiaries still knelt at their prayers, and four candles had been lighted. Then came a further and most important ceremony, the official verification of death by the Camerlengo. Cardinal Oreglia, after a short prayer, during which Pio Centra unveiled the Pope's face, rose, and, approaching the bed, assured himself of the decease, calling aloud three times, "Gioacchino! Gioacchino! Gioacchino!" Receiving no answer, he turned to those present and said, "The Pope is indeed dead." Then all knelt and joined in the recital of the "De Profundis." Absolution was then pronounced, and holy water sprinkled upon the body. The Master of the Chamber next

THE ROYAL TOUR  
IN IRELAND.

The memorable visit of the King and Queen should tend to make Ireland less distressful in its relations with England. His Majesty has been aptly termed our ablest Ambassador, and there is little doubt that the tour upon which he has entered will do much to strengthen the bonds between the two countries. Leaving Euston Station, which had been gaily decorated, by the London and North Western Railway, on July 20, the King and Queen arrived at the Admiralty Pier, Holyhead, at six o'clock, and after various introductions and the presentation of addresses, embarked on the *Victoria and Albert*. Kingstown was reached just after nine o'clock on the following morning, and their Majesties landed at eleven. After the reception by



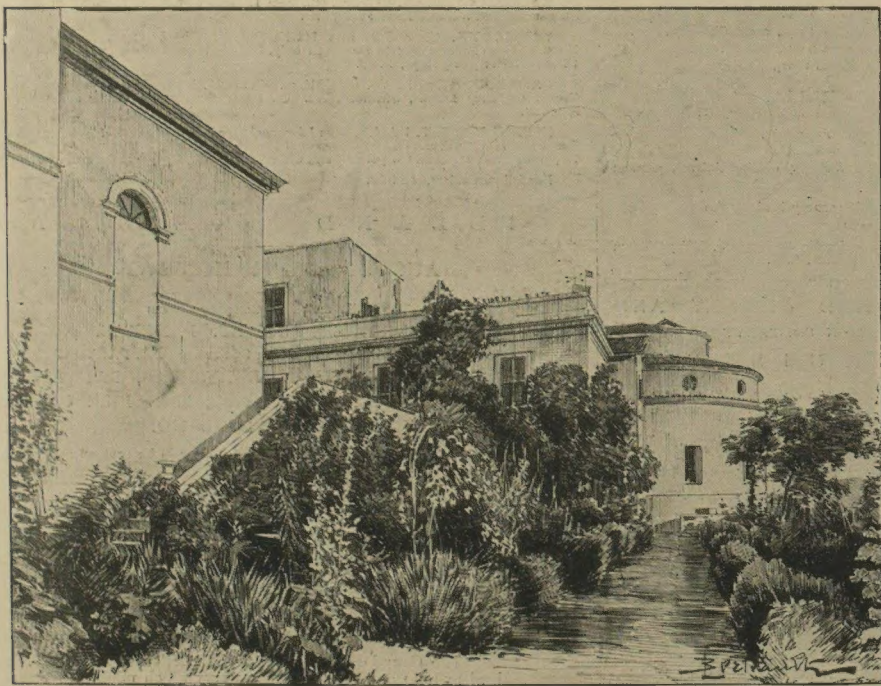
ROYAL INTEREST IN THE ADVANCE OF SCIENCE: THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES WITH MR. MARCONI AT THE WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY STATION, POLDHU.

THE PRINCE OF  
WALES IN HIS DUCHY.

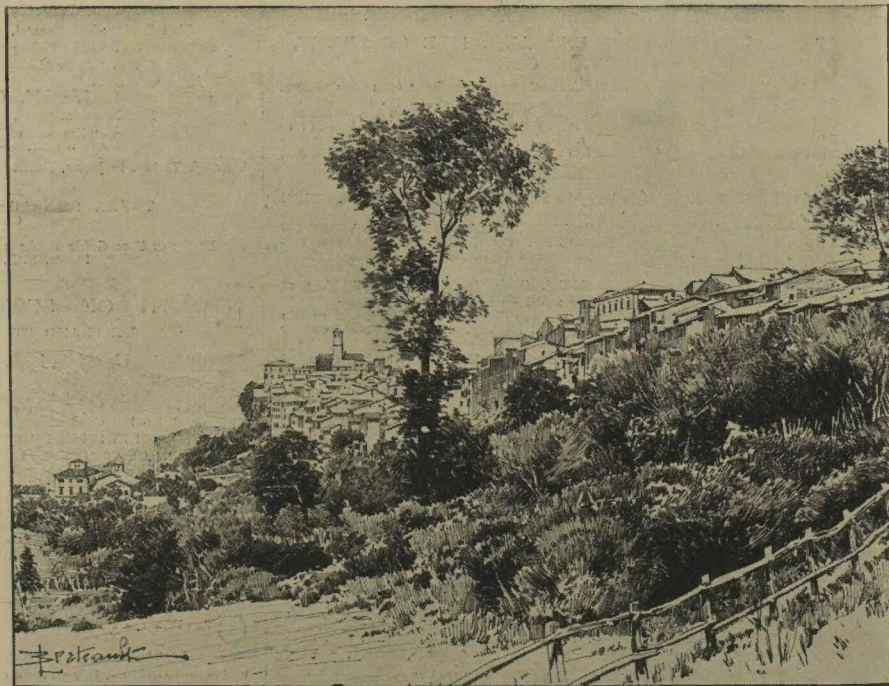
The Prince and Princess of Wales began their visit to his Royal Highness's Duchy of Cornwall on July 14, leaving Paddington Station at twenty minutes to eleven in the morning, making a record journey to Plymouth, and reaching Grampound Road Station for Tregothnan much in advance of scheduled time. Their Royal Highnesses were met at the station by their host, Lord Falmouth, the High Sheriff of the county, and others. The chief ceremony of the following day, and, indeed, of the tour, was the dedication of the nave of the new Cathedral at Truro, the first Protestant Cathedral completed in England since the Reformation. The Prince and Princess were the centre of a distinguished group of ecclesiastics and laity, including the Archbishop of Canterbury, who preached the sermon, the Bishop of Truro and some twenty-five other Bishops, the members of the Corporation of Truro and the Mayors of Cornish boroughs, Viscount and Viscountess Falmouth, the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe (Lord Lieutenant), and Lady Ernestine Edgcumbe, and Viscount and Lady Clifden. At the conclusion of the service, the form of which is given under our Drawing of the ceremony, a luncheon was held in the Municipal Buildings under the presidency of the Lord Lieutenant. The Prince, in acknowledging the toast of his health, recalled the fact and expressed his regret that there had been an interval of twenty-three years since his last visit—the occasion of the laying of the foundation-stone by the King, then Prince of Wales and Duke of Cornwall—and also stated that he hoped during the next ten days to see as much as possible of the Duchy, and to meet some of his Cornish tenants at the Castle of Restormel. On the 18th the Prince and Princess showed their interest in the scientific advance which was so prominent a feature of the last century and continues to be so important in the present, by a visit to the wireless telegraphy station at Poldhu. On the Monday they journeyed to Plymouth, where, according to programme, they were to stay with the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe until the Friday. It is hardly necessary to add that they were given the hearty welcome always accorded to members of the British Royal Family. On Thursday the Princess launched the new battle-ship, *King Edward the Seventh*, at Devonport.

FRENCH POLITICIANS  
IN LONDON.

The invitation issued to a number of Senators and Deputies of the French Parliament by the Commercial Committee of the House of Commons, supported by Members of both Houses, will, it is hoped, be fruitful of good. Baron d'Estournelles, President of the International Arbitration Group—who at the dinner in the House of Commons on July 22 lectured on the desirability of a closer union, politically and commercially, between this country and the Republic of France—states that arbitration has made remarkable progress among French politicians. Speaking to the Paris corre-



POPE LEO XIII.'S NATIVE TOWN: THE CHURCH OF SAN LEONE, CARPINETO.



POPE LEO XIII.'S NATIVE TOWN: A GENERAL VIEW OF CARPINETO.

removed the "annulus piscatorius" from the finger of the dead Pope, and handed it to Cardinal Oreglia as an outward and visible sign of the temporary transference of the Pontifical authority; the Protonotary, still kneeling, read aloud the official account of the death and recognition; and the ceremonies were concluded. The Camerlengo then telegraphed the announcement of the death to the Cardinals absent from Rome; and Cardinal Rampolla ended the duties of his ministry by notifying the decease to the diplomatists accredited to the Holy See, the Nuncios at foreign Courts, and the Cardinal-Vicar Respighia.

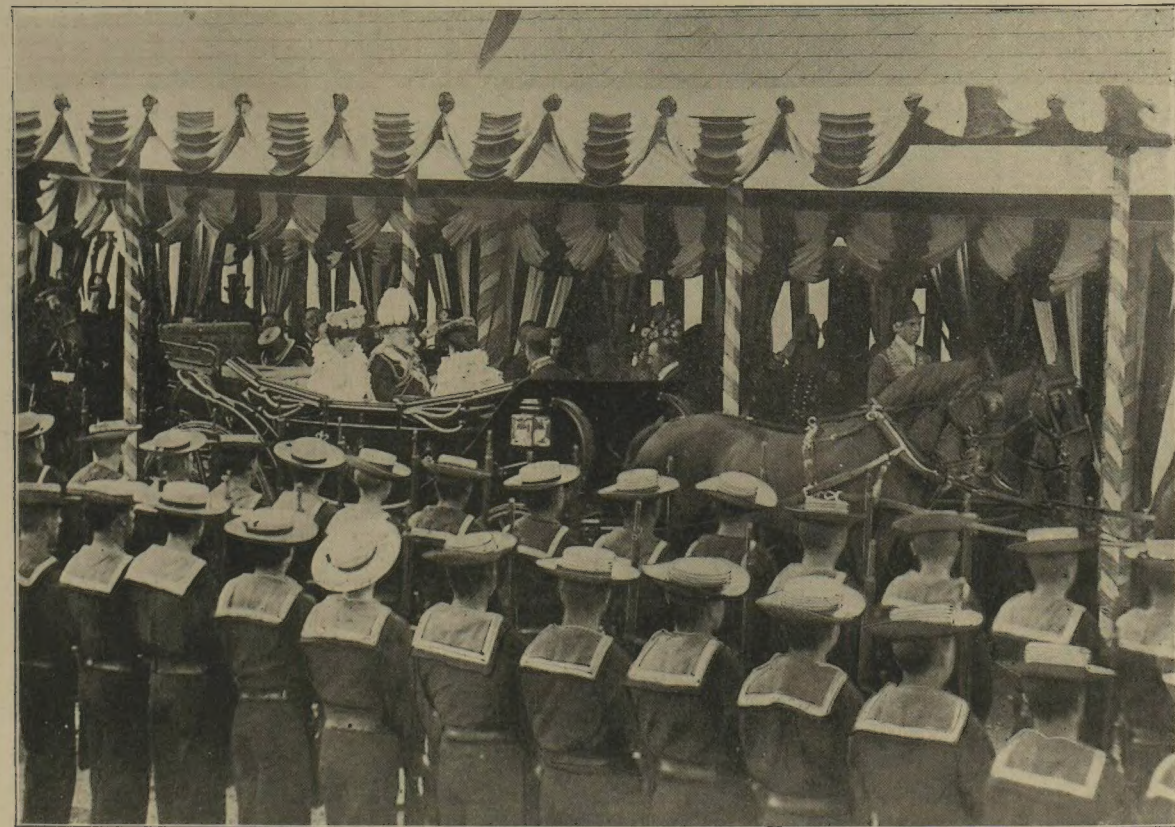
paid to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham, and their Majesties were conducted to the chapel and there admired the ceiling (a replica of one by Grinling Gibbons), and the memorial lectern to Lieutenant Roberts, after which they inspected the pensioners and a number of Reservists and time-expired men of the Dublin circle of Army and Navy veterans. In consequence of the Pope's death the gala performance at the Theatre Royal has been cancelled; for the rest, the programme includes a levée, a presentation of colours in Phoenix Park, various other ceremonies, and visits to quite a number of towns and cities.

spondent of the *Morning Post*, he said, "I do not suggest that all matters at issue between France and Great Britain are suitable for arbitration. The Egyptian Question, for instance, which is far more complicated than the general public suppose, must be left to diplomacy; but in many other matters I believe arbitration to be possible." On the same occasion, asked whether he thought that disarmament would follow the conclusion of a treaty in accordance with his views, Baron D'Estournelles gave it as his opinion that the two questions were distinct, and with, perhaps, an excess of diplomacy, stated

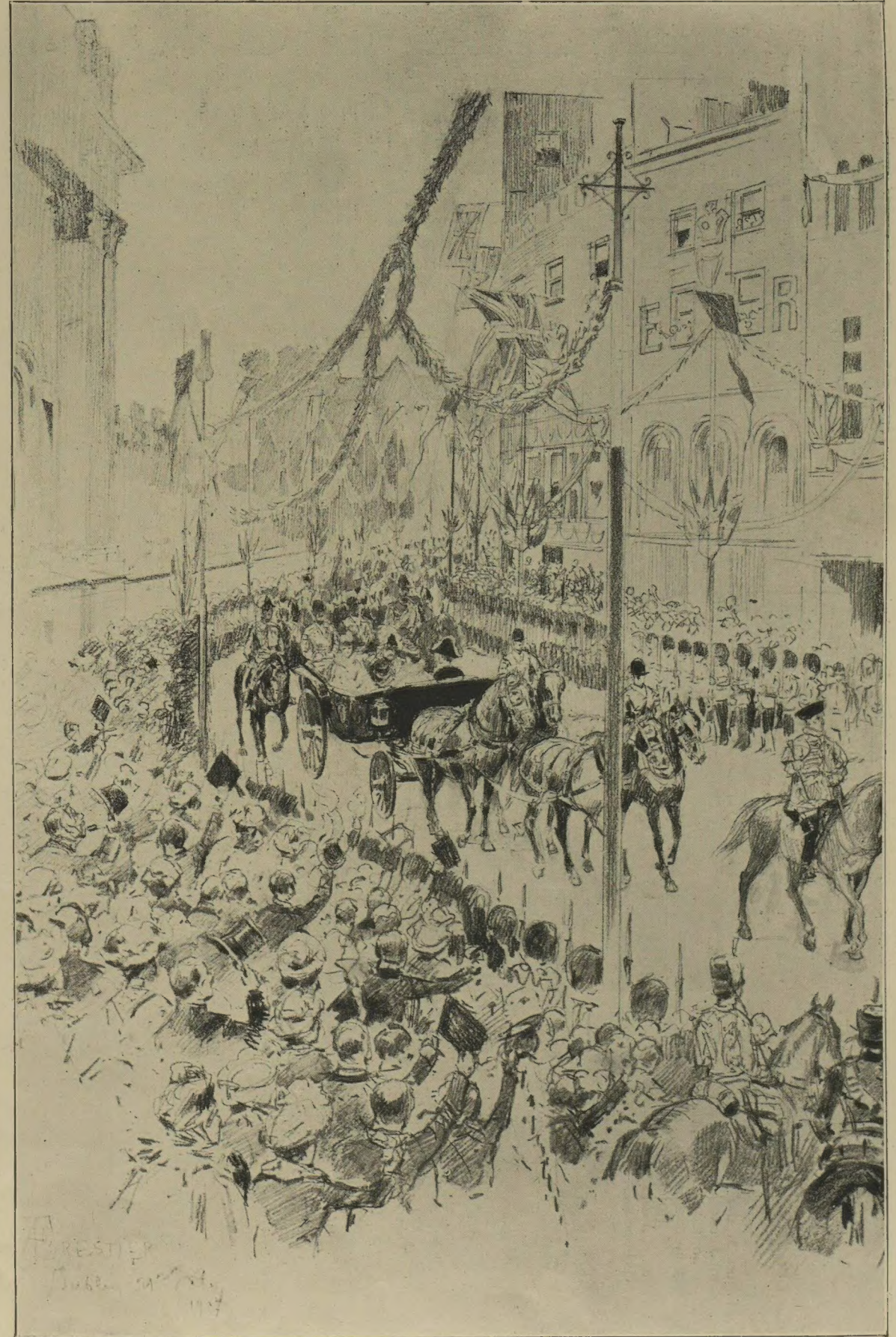




A TRIUMPHAL PROGRESS: THEIR MAJESTIES EN ROUTE FOR DUBLIN.



THEIR MAJESTIES LEAVING VICTORIA WHARF, KINGSTOWN, FOR THEIR STATE ENTRY INTO DUBLIN.



THE ROYAL PROCESSION PASSING TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.



that he preferred to await the result of the efforts on behalf of arbitration.

#### THE RESIGNATION OF THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.

Owing to ill health Dr. Moorhouse tendered his resignation of the Bishopric of Manchester on July 16, and thus will in a short time render vacant a see he has held for some thirteen years. The retiring Bishop is now in his seventy-seventh year, and was born in Sheffield, the son of a merchant of that city. Educated at Cambridge University, he took orders in 1854, and has been Vicar of St. John's (Fitzroy Square), Vicar of Paddington and Rural Dean, Chaplain to Queen Victoria, a Prebendary of St. Paul's, and Warburton Lecturer. In 1876 he went to Australia as Bishop of Melbourne, and from there he was translated to Manchester.

#### LORD ROBERTS IN BIRMINGHAM.

Birmingham, following the example of many another city, presented its freedom to Lord Roberts on July 18, an honour decided upon on Jan. 1, 1901, but postponed in deference to the Commander-in-Chief's wish not to receive popular honours before the conclusion of the South African War. The new freeman arrived over-night from Lancashire, and was the guest of Alderman Hallowell Rogers, the Lord Mayor, with whom he drove to the Town Hall on the following day. The presentation was carried out with due form and ceremony, but was, perhaps, chiefly notable for the attendance of the city's first honorary freeman, Mr. Chamberlain, who occupied a seat in one of the side galleries. At the luncheon which followed the Colonial Secretary referred in the most laudatory terms to Lord Roberts's military services, and expressed his entire agreement with the much-discussed statement that when the Commander-in-Chief returned from South Africa the war was virtually finished. He also said: "My Lord Mayor, I entirely sympathised with you when you suggested to Lord Roberts, not in his character of Commander-in-Chief of the South African Forces, nor in his character as a freeman of Birmingham, but in his character as Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, that we in Birmingham would like to see a little more of the soldiers of the King."

#### THE ROYAL OPERA.

The musical and operatic season is in its last week, the Opera House closing its doors on July 28. Saturday night, July 18, was the occasion of an excellent performance of "La Bohème," in which a clever young singer, Mdlle. La Palme, made her début. She sang exceedingly well and acted with charm and earnestness as Musette. She has studied the violin at the Royal College of Music under Señor Arbos, and her voice has been trained mainly by M. Bouhy in Paris. Madame Melba was never in better voice; while Signor Bonci gave his usual poetic rendering of Rodolfo.

The only really new feature of the present Opera season, M. Missa's "Maguelone," was produced on July 20, and, if not a triumph of composition, at least proved agreeable and acceptable. With Madame Calvé, for whom the work was specially written, and who is not for a moment off the stage, M. Salignac, and M. Seveilhac in the cast, it is hardly necessary to say that the performance left nothing to be desired, and fully deserved the applause with which it was greeted. M. Missa has introduced into the opera some beautiful phrases, and one melody—the song in which Maguelone declares her love for Castelne—that almost deserves the adjective "great." "Maguelone," which plays for fifty minutes, was preceded by the first and second scenes from the third act of "Manon," and followed by the fourth act of "La Favorita."

#### THE SOMALILAND EXPEDITION.

The Somaliland Expedition presents few new features. At the suggestion of the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces engaged there, Major-General Sir C. C. Egerton, no mountain batteries will be sent from India. Generals Egerton and Manning are now engaged in the reorganisation of the transport, and it is not generally expected that a move is imminent, unless the opportunity afforded by the disaffection of the Mullah's tribes should hasten matters.

#### A GREAT IMPRESSIONIST.

James McNeill Whistler, who died at his residence in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, on July 17, was above all things a *poseur*, but, unlike the majority of that amusing class, the general excellence of his work almost justified his studied affectation. Himself an impressionist and the founder of a school of impressionists, some of his portraits—notably the "Portrait of the Painter's Mother" and the "Portrait of Carlyle"—show a dignity and a power that are less apparent in his lighter and more subtle work. The precise date and place of the artist's birth are matters of doubt: Mr. Whistler was always



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN HIS DUCHY: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS MOTORING THROUGH ST. BLAZEY.

reticent as to his private circumstances and his age, and it can only be said that he was born at Baltimore or St. Petersburg in July 1834 or 1835. It is certain, however, that he was the son of an American railway engineer of Scottish descent and a lady of the Baltimore family of Winans, and that, after some years in Russia, he went to West Point Academy, there to be trained in the art of war. In 1857 he was in Paris, studying in Gleyre's studio, and in the following year he issued his first etching, a branch of art in which he attained celebrity while as a painter he was still regarded as notorious rather than noted. In 1859 he came to London and executed his famous "Sixteen Etchings" of the Thames, which have been compared with his "Twenty-six Etchings" of Venice and the "Venice Set," published some twenty years afterwards. Later than this first set came the "Harmonies" and the "Nocturnes," one of which called forth Ruskin's bitter criticism that he had never before known an artist ask to be paid for flinging a pot of paint in the face of the public, and resulted in the well-known libel action of 1878, in which the painter gained the verdict and one farthing damages. Of his other pictures, the best known, perhaps, are "The Little White Girl," the "Symphony in White,"

controversy, his letters to the papers have at least increased the gaiety of nations.

#### INDIA AND SOUTH AFRICA.

Mr. Brodrick's statement that the Cabinet had decided to hold twenty-five thousand men in South Africa available for service in India in case of emergency has been received with mixed feelings in our greatest dependency, for it carries with it the proposition that a part of the cost of their maintenance shall figure in the Indian Budget. A Calcutta paper protests vigorously against the suggested charge, arguing, with some justice, that Great Britain should rather pay a portion of the cost of the troops who have so often come to her aid in time of war.

#### GENERAL BOTHA'S LETTER.

General Botha has penned a strong indictment of British policy in the Transvaal. He says that Lord Milner's reports of the work that has been done for the Boers are all fairy tales; that the war debt ought not to have been imposed without the consent of the people; that the Government teachers in the schools are probably "Romanists and Sacerdotalists"; and that the history they teach is known by every child to be a "travesty of the facts." Travesty of the facts is a phrase which seems most applicable to Botha's letter. He admits that his countrymen are calmly and resolutely repairing the prosperity of the country. They could not restore their homes without the help of the Government, and therefore the money expended for this object cannot belong to fairy tale. If the Boers are devoting themselves to their proper business in this spirit, they cannot be in the fever of discontent which General Botha describes. His case is overdone, and shows traces of extravagant party spirit. The passage about the "Romanists and Sacerdotalists" might have been written by Dr. Clifford. When he can spare the time, perhaps that apostle of discord will repair to the Transvaal to preach "passive resistance" enlivened by riot. The Boer children are getting a far better education than they knew before the war. Perhaps the fact that Boer parents prefer the Government schools to the Dutch schools has something to do with Botha's temper.

#### THE FAR EAST.

The situation in the Far East has become more critical, and it was reported on July 20 that Japan had sent to St. Petersburg inquiries destined to determine at once the question of peace or war. Unofficially, the Russian Legation at Peking is stated to believe that the declaration of war is a possibility of the very near future. A telegram dated on the following day credits Prince Ching with the representation that Russia has not informed China of the withdrawal of her opposition to the open door in Manchuria, and that negotiations between the two countries have been at a standstill for the past month.

#### IN COMMITTEE ON THE MOTOR-CAR BILL.

Lord Camperdown proposed to fix the speed-limit at twenty miles an hour. Lord Balfour explained that this would defeat the purpose of the Bill, for it was impossible to devise a general limit that would meet all contingencies. The amendment was rejected by a large majority; but there was a close division on the proposal of Lord Rosslyn that the local authorities should be empowered to cancel the license of a driver who was deemed to be incompetent.

The Irish Land Bill was read a third time in the House of Commons, only twenty members voting against it. Mr. Balfour announced, by command of the King, that his Majesty's landed interests, so far as the Bill related to them, were at the disposal of Parliament. The Prime Minister paid a warm tribute to the Chief Secretary for Ireland for his management of the measure, and declared that although it could not affect the constitutional question, which was still open to controversy,

it would remove from Irish ideas about Home Rule any sense of agrarian and social wrong. This sentiment was echoed by Nationalist members. Mr. William O'Brien said that the Bill had already transformed the face of Ireland, and would work a great and peaceful revolution. Mr. Redmond and Mr. Dillon declared that if it were justly administered it would produce the happiest results.



THE DIFFICULTIES OF COALING AT SEA: THE COLLIER "FLORISTON" STRANDED AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE RAMBLER CHANNEL.

DRAWN BY C. DE LACEY FROM A SKETCH BY A NAVAL OFFICER.

On June 11 the s.s. "Floriston," with over two thousand tons of coal for the South African Cruiser Squadron, stranded while entering harbour at the entrance to the Rambler Channel. The "Blanche," "Odin," and "Partridge" were sent to her aid, and the "Blanche," after some difficulty, succeeded in towing her off. As none of the vessels of the squadron had much coal left, the breaking up of the collier would have been a serious loss.

"The Balcony," "Sarasate," and the "Piano Picture," which was purchased by John Phillip for thirty guineas. Had Mr. Whistler not been an artist, his few books prove that he would have found refuge and fame in letters. "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," would alone have sufficed to win him recognition as writer and caustic wit. Continually engaged in wordy





SECOND: MR. W. BASS'S SCEPTRE.



THIRD: SIR J. MILLER'S ROCK SAND.



THE WINNER: MR. J. GUBBINS'S ARD PATRICK.



THE FINISH: ARD PATRICK WINNING FROM SCEPTRE.  
A SENSATIONAL RACE: THE ECLIPSE STAKES, AT SANDOWN PARK.



THE DISASTROUS RAILWAY ACCIDENT NEAR LIVERPOOL: SEARCHING FOR THE INJURED.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

While running at full speed near Southroad Bridge, Waterloo, the engine of the Liverpool and Southport express jumped the points, the front wheels rising in the air and the funnel catching on the iron framework of the bridge. The engine then swung round and faced the carriages, the weight of which carried it some twenty yards beyond the bridge. At the platform it became a total wreck. The whole of the carriages were smashed, and six persons lost their lives. A number of passengers were injured.



# THE DEATH OF POPE LEO XIII.: THE CEREMONY OF OFFICIAL CONFIRMATION.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT ROME.



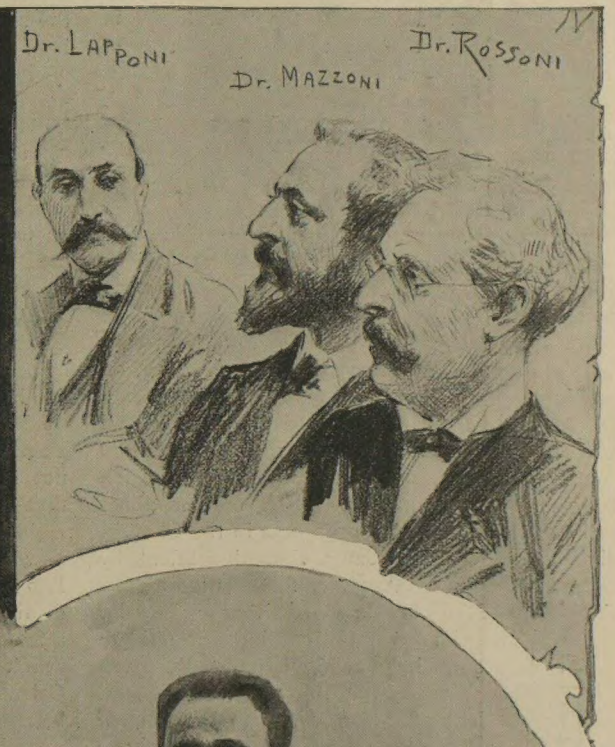
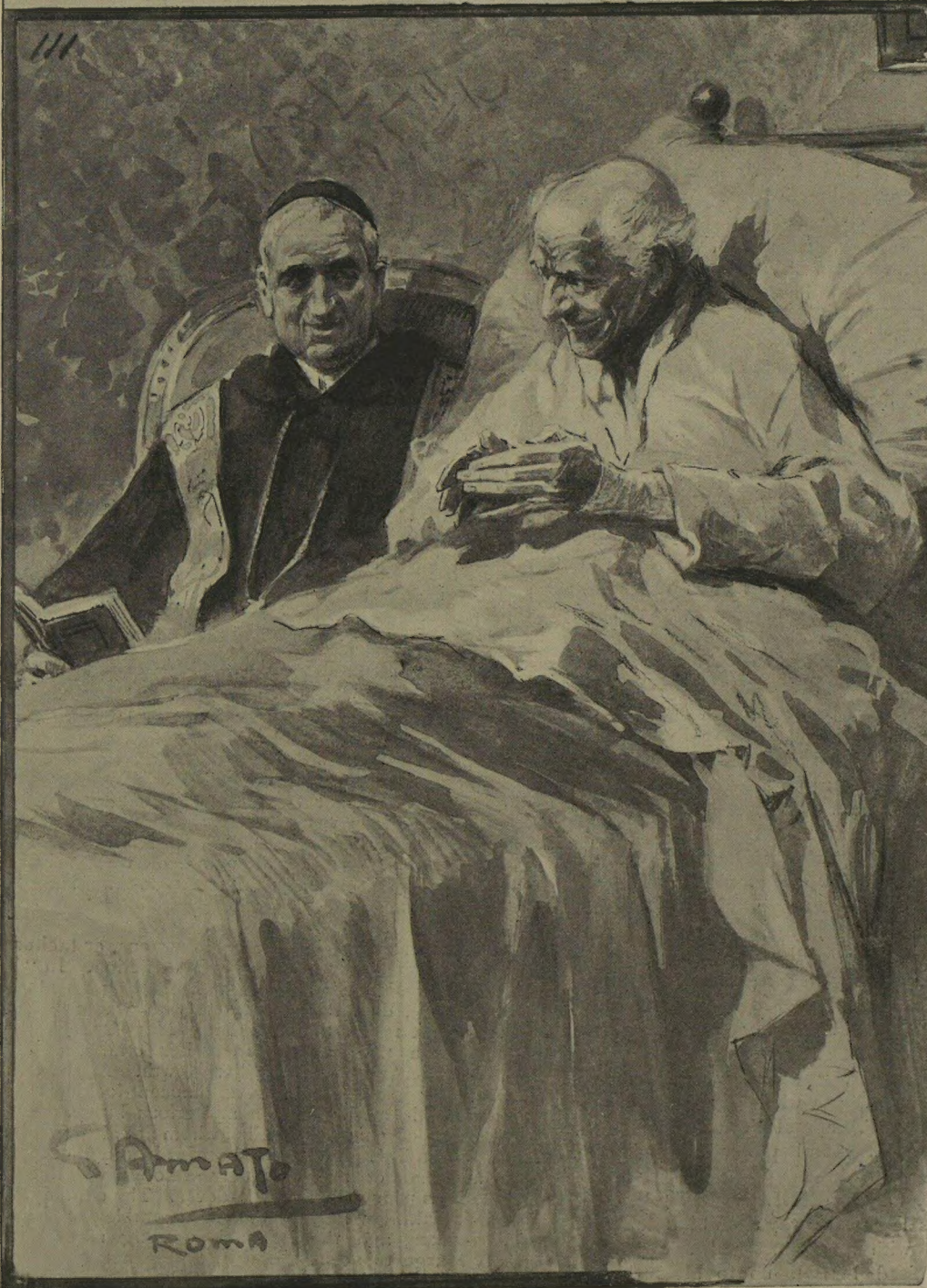
THE CAMERLENGO ASSURING HIMSELF OF THE POPE'S DECEASE: CARDINAL OREGLIA CALLING ALOUD "GIOACCHINO! GIOACCHINO! GIOACCHINO!"

*Cardinal Oreglia, having been informed of Pope Leo XIII.'s death by a Master of the Ceremonies sent by Cardinal Rampolla, donned his violet mourning robes, and entered the death-chamber, attended by all the prelates. Kneeling on a violet cushion, the Camerlengo said a short prayer, while Pio Centra removed the veil from the Pope's face. Cardinal Oreglia then rose to assure himself of the Pontiff's death, crying aloud, "Gioacchino! Gioacchino! Gioacchino!" and, receiving no answer, turned to those present and said, "The Pope is indeed dead."*



# THE POPE'S LONG STRUGGLE WITH DEATH: SCENES AT THE VATICAN.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT ROME.



1. A DAILY MORNING SCENE. DURING THE POPE'S ILLNESS: THE CARDINALS IN THE SECRET ANTECHAMBER RECEIVING NEWS OF THE POPE FROM HIS HOLINESS' VALET, PIO CENTRA.
2. CARDINAL RAMPOLLA (SECRETARY OF STATE) AND CARDINAL OREGLIA (CHAMBERLAIN) ON THEIR WAY TO THE PRIVATE CHAPEL TO PRAY FOR THE POPE'S HEALTH.

3. THE POPE'S CONFESSION, HEARD BY MONSIGNOR PIFFERI, SACRISTAN OF THE APOSTOLIC PALACE (THE PONTIFF CONFESS'G WITH HEAD UNCOVERED).
4. THE POPE'S DOCTORS.
5. THE HARDEST DRIVEN MAN AT THE VATICAN: PIO CENTRA, THE POPE'S VALET.

*The confession figured above must not be confused with the last confession, "in articulo mortis."*



## THE LATE POPE LEO XIII.

(SEE SUPPLEMENT.)

A Pope who has played a long, and so far as the altered condition of Christendom allows, a large part in history passed away on July 20. He has not built a St. Peter's, nor been the patron of great masters; he has not put an army in the field, nor issued an interdict. The Christendom of newspapers and railways, the Christendom that includes America, and counts its converts by the million in India, China, and Japan, presents a sphere of action very different from that which offered itself to Leos long dead and gone; and for that new field no labourer was more suited than the thirteenth bearer of the name in the Papal line. He was a man of peace, who advocated arbitration in his Encyclicals, who practised what he preached by bringing a pacific spirit to the settlement of disputes between Church and State, not in France only, but in our own Canada; and he gave his services as arbiter when Germany and Spain were at issue, and on other great occasions. He had the respect of Sovereigns for his person, even when he had not their adhesion to his creed. The chance which brought him to England for a month in 1846 was indeed of good augury, for no other Pope since the Reformation saw established between Rome and England friendlier ties than he was able to establish. His previous meeting with Queen Victoria in Brussels had prepared him for the visit; and he even attended, while he was here, a reception at Buckingham Palace. The times and seasons were propitious to the union of sympathy between the Queen of England and Leo of Rome. The year 1837 was that in which Victoria of England ascended her throne and Joachim Pecci was ordained priest. Together they kept their golden Jubilees, marking the events by an interchange of gifts and courtesies which are still remembered. Leo XIII. renewed the expressions of his affectionate solicitude for Queen Victoria at the time of her death. He sent a representative to the Coronation of Edward VII.; and more recently, face to face, during a memorable audience at the Vatican, the old reign's friendship was maintained between Leo XIII. and the monarch of England. The Pope who was the only one of his line to attend an Englishwoman's "At Home" in Piccadilly, and who brought together the Courts of St. James and the Vatican, was, perhaps not unnaturally, the one who addressed during his Pontificate Encyclicals and Briefs to the "Faithful" in England that would cover more space than those of perhaps all his predecessors put together.

Leo XIII. was a native of those States of the Church over which he was to become the titular ruler; for it was in Carpineto that he first saw the light in the March of 1810. The Pope's mother, Anna Prosperi, is generally described (with no destructive member of the *Ancestor* staff within hearing) as a descendant of Rienzi, the last of the Tribunes; and the Pecci family itself was noble, though modestly so; Count Pecci having little more than the status of a moderate squire in England. Indeed, an old photograph of the family group, taken when the future Pontiff was still anxious about his career, shows us men and women bearing a strong resemblance to an honest and God-fearing English family of the farmer class. Money was not too plentiful at Carpineto; and letters are still kept there which passed between Joachim and his pious mother about what may be called his worldly prospects in the Church. Any notice taken of the young clerical student by Cardinals and other magnates was filially reported by him for the benefit of the parents who made sacrifices for his education. The time came when he was able to say that he was sure he would "get on." Even Pontiffs the most pious and most guileless—and such Leo XIII. undoubtedly was—have to begin on a mixed motive: not, therefore, a mean one: they have to blend with the apostolate the career.

The clerical training begun under the Jesuits at Viterbo was continued—still under the Jesuits—at the Roman College; and there he showed himself something more of a mathematician and a chemist than is common with those who took, as he did, honours in philosophy and theology. "I sometimes pay a visit to Sir Isaac Newton by night," Pope Clement XIV. had written nearly a century earlier. "While all Nature seems to sleep, I sit up to read and admire him. Never did man unite, as he did, science with simplicity. I am sincerely attached to the English nation, which has all along cherished the sciences in a distinguished manner, and with which an acquaintance may much improve us." Though Pope Leo XIII. never wrote any words so memorable as those to English ears, they go very near to expressing his sentiments. It would be idle to say that his intellect kept pace with modern discoveries in science, or even with recent research in those subjects more properly his own, such as the work of Higher Critics in Biblical studies; but his Pastorals when he was Archbishop of Perugia showed him to be in sympathy with expansion of knowledge in all forms and directions. He did all he could, by precept and by purse, to raise the standard of clerical education; he threw open the doors of the Vatican Library and bade welcome to Protestant historians

like Mommsen, saying at the same time to Catholic students that they were to have no fears in the publication of facts, even when those facts told against theories long cherished under the label of orthodoxy. As a Latin scholar the Pope had a wide fame; and the elegant verses he has composed in that tongue, as well as others in the Italian, have been translated into most of the languages spoken in the civilised world.

Made a priest in the December of 1837, the future Pontiff was almost immediately sent by Gregory XVI. as delegate to Benevento, and other places in the Papal territories, where he had scope for his powers as a practical governor. These proved to be considerable when put to the test by the brigands who scoured that country. In 1841 a new post came to him, a post that carried with it an Archbishopric. He went to Brussels as Nuncio, and as titular Archbishop of Damietta. King Leopold received the young prelate and diplomatist with a kindness which perhaps compensated him in part for the northern climate of which he complained in a letter home: "During June and July we have had weather as cold and depressing as that of the worst November in Rome." Railway lines and gas-pipes were then novelties; and the Nuncio was much interested in the laying of them down. Young enough at that date to welcome novelties, he did not lose his receptiveness as years went on; and he who had seen the first church lighted with gas was himself, half a century afterwards, to instal the electric light in St. Peter's. Brussels had other usefulness for the Pope-to-be. There it was that he made himself perfect in French conversation; and there, too, he learned a little, a very little, English (since forgotten) from that fine old countryman of ours, Mr. Weld of Leagram. It was during this term of office, not a prolonged one, in Brussels, that Archbishop Pecci paid his visit to London, lodged in a house just off Regent Street, heard Daniel O'Connell speak in the House of Commons, and went with the Austrian Ambassador to Lady Palmerston's at Cambridge House. The event of this visit—for the like of which we have to go back in Papal annals to the boyhood of Breakspear—as already hinted, remained in his mind and heart to the day of his death. Only this year, and in his conversation with Edward VII., he recurred to "Piccadilly" as one who had trodden its flags.

On St. Anne's Day in 1846, Archbishop Pecci entered the city of Perugia to take possession of that see. At last, one may say, he had his heart's desire. He was no longer officially a cross-breed between religion and politics. He had the pastorate he loved, and in a place he loved—a rare conjuncture. Perugia is the queen of the hill-country—the very words hill-country are full of keenest Biblical associations—and it has the names of saints wedded to the names of its cities: Assisi and the rest. In this fit nursery for Popes, Joachim Pecci laboured, preached, loved the poor, and proclaimed in pastorals to the laity the truths which his Encyclicals have since addressed to the world. Here, in 1853, he got his Cardinal's hat; and if he had not any close intellectual sympathy from Pius IX., he had so far the goodwill of his colleagues in the College of Cardinals as to be chosen the successor of Pius IX. when that Pontiff passed away in the February of 1878. "Choose not me," he had said to Cardinal Hohenlohe, when that Prince of the Church had held up his own voting-paper bearing the name of Pecci; "my life is now at its ebb." But the vote was conclusive; and Leo XIII., instead of being another Adrian V., was destined to occupy the Papal Chair till he celebrated, a few weeks ago, his Silver Jubilee. "Let us bless and thank God," cried the enlightened Bishop Dupanloup at Orleans; and in England a similar pæan was raised; to be renewed a little later when John Henry Newman received tidings in Birmingham that a red hat was awarded him. Cardinal Newman, in 1880, put into words the delicate position. Speaking of Pope Leo's predecessor, he said, "Wonderful as was the mode and effect with which Pius preached our holy religion, I believe we have not lost by his being taken away; for in the successor of Pius I recognise a depth of thought, a tenderness of heart, a winning simplicity, a power answering to his name, which keeps me from lamenting that Pope Pius is no longer here." That brief character-sketch from a great English master must suffice.

Succeeding to a shorn "patrimony of St. Peter," he was the first Pope whose whole reign was passed without the exercise of Temporal Power. In its place he has had a sway of moral power almost without precedent in Papal history.

Very tremulously has Leo XIII. passed the last years of his life. He has leaned heavily upon his stick as he walked; and yet, with an almost galvanic power of elation, he has raised himself up to bless the vast throngs of people of every tongue and every colour—yes, and of every creed—gathered together in St. Peter's to do him homage. His was the triumph of spirit over flesh until the end came, quietly, at the last. He fulfilled the "years of Peter," and he has left behind him traditions which may be said to inaugurate a new chapter in the history of a kingdom that has ceased to be counted among the kingdoms of the world.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

*Dragooning a Dragoon.* By E. Livingston Prescott. (London: Hutchinson. 6s.)

*Avery.* By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. (London: Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)

*Anglo-Americans.* By Lucas Cleeve. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

*The Episodes of Marge.* By H. Ripley Cromarsh. (London: Grant Richards. 6s.)

A note to Mr. E. Livingston Prescott's novel, "*Dragooning a Dragoon*," informs us that "the author's pecuniary interest in the book has been assigned to the British Home and Hospital for Incurables, 72, Cheapside, London, E.C., and Streatham Common, Surrey." The announcement is a little embarrassing for the reviewer. To condemn the story, or even to praise it in stinted measure, he cannot but feel to be a rather uncharitable act. Fortunately, it can be said of "*Dragooning a Dragoon*" that, although a novel entirely without distinction of style, it possesses a quality—perhaps the most essential to a good story—that very frequently is denied to greatly more distinguished writing. It does hold the attention of the reader, and this in spite of presenting to it characters in whom it is quite impossible to believe. We do not refer especially to old Colonel St. Crux, he who dragoons his son Ninian, of the Golden Dragoon Guards, when his miserable lapse from honesty places him in his father's hands. Colonel St. Crux, as one of the persons in the story says, is a madman, and is explicable as such. Far less credible in their unmitigated callousness are his son Val, and a cousin, Iza Dashwood, who keeps house for them in their quarters in the North of Scotland. No insane attachment to a principle goads them to a fanatical cruelty, as in the case of the Colonel, and for ourselves we simply refuse to believe their conduct possible. When the characters are not like these, abnormal, they are merely conventional, and the curiously naïve effect resulting from the interaction of the two is one reason why the story grips us. The other is that when the author ceases to explain the motives of his impossible characters, and comes to their actions, he describes them with a wonderful naturalness that has its due effect upon the reader's mind.

A little modest book in a purple cover, written by an American woman, may very possibly escape the attention of the English public, now in the act of gathering light fiction together for holiday reading. Yet "*Avery*" is a book which few people, we believe, could close without feeling its rare excellence and acknowledging that it has given them clear and solemn vision into the inner mysteries of wedded love and life. Avery, who is no better and no worse than the average husband—who is, indeed, faithful and loving and appreciative according to his lights—passes through deep waters before he arrives at true knowledge of the worth of the woman he wears at his heart. She, the frail, heroic soul to whom his little carelessnesses are so much more wounding than the pain of her mortal disease, is cut as finely as a cameo upon the printed pages—a figure to bring tears and to remain, in its place apart, in the memory. Miss Phelps has accomplished a piece of work which should come near to allaying the discontent even of an author who sets out, as she has done, with a high ideal before her.

The author of a recent book on America affirms that marriage between an American woman and an Englishman is a "physiological crime." This serious branch of international ethics has attracted the thoughtful attention of Lucas Cleeve. She marries a peer to the daughter of an American millionaire. The upshot is discouraging. Sadie Perkins is not happy as a peeress. Her husband is always at the House of Lords. She revisits her old home in time to see her father, Samuel Perkins, murdered for "sweating" cheap labour, and otherwise oppressing the poor. "They brought in the body of Samuel," says Lucas Cleeve with pathos. Then Sadie thinks she would like to marry an old love, who has in the meantime wedded another lady and become a widower. How is it to be managed? Quite easily. "Oh, the awfully facile divorce laws of America, how wicked, how monstrous they are!" And yet they are most convenient for Sadie, and, moreover, they enable the peer to take a holiday from the House of Lords, and marry an Englishwoman of dubious antecedents, to whom his troth was originally plighted. We gather from all this that for pure and beautiful American women there are no fitting husbands save devoted and chivalrous American men; also that an English nobleman is well enough off with an English wife of no reputation; also that "*Anglo-Americans*" is not a work of genius.

The ordinary burglar—fierce, humorous, or taciturn—is a common figure in the pages of fiction. In "*The Episodes of Marge*" H. Ripley Cromarsh presents him as a gentle, domestic character, with whom burglary is a fine art rather than a crime. Marge, the heroine, has been a thief almost from her cradle, and her peculiar talents develop with her growth. At the age of sixteen she joins forces with an innocent-looking coachman and his mother, and a mysterious but interesting young man of gentle birth, all of whom are already adepts in their own line. When not "professionally" occupied, the members of this strangely assorted quartet live together as peacefully as turtle-doves. The old lady, who scorns anything "low," bakes innumerable pastries and eccles-cakes, and the interesting young man teaches pretty Marge to speak English, and generally superintends her development. On at least one occasion philanthropy is successfully combined with house-breaking, and more than once affairs take an unexpectedly humorous turn. The "episodes," on the whole, are ingeniously conceived and well turned out. They are not appallingly exciting; but, on the other hand, they are never dull, and may be reckoned on to wile away the time on a holiday afternoon. Towards the end the affairs of the mysterious young gentleman mentioned above develop in an interesting manner.



# THE POPE'S LONG STRUGGLE WITH DEATH: NEARING THE END.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT ROME.



CARDINALS KISSING THE HAND OF THE DYING POPE IN THE VATICAN.



THE HUMOROUS POSSIBILITIES OF THE PROPOSED MOTOR BILL.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.







"It is false! He never was, and never could be a murderer!"



## HELEN ADAIR



By LOUIS BECKE.

Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE.

### CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"Yes, indeed. He bade Major Innes and his family good-bye, for he had promised, he said, to return to Port Macquarie to dine with the Cartwrights. Three hours later he was at Camden Haven—it was then dark—in company with two other adventurous gentlemen like himself. They shouted to the schooner to send a boat ashore as they had a message from Major Cartwright. A boat with the captain and two sailors put off, and the moment they landed they were made prisoners, and their arms taken from them by 'Mr. Vincent' and his two comrades, who tied them up securely, and then went off in the boat to the *Edith*.

"As soon as they stepped on deck the mate and the two remaining seamen had pistols presented at their heads, and were quickly made prisoners. Then 'Mr. Vincent,' with many apologies to Judge Gibson, said that he was Hewitt, the bushranger, and that the want of funds necessitated him calling on board at that late hour and relieving his Honour from the responsibility of conveying nine hundred pounds to Port Macquarie in such an ill-manned and unprotected vessel as the *Edith*.

"Then, after taking the money, he liberated the schooner's cook, made him prepare a meal, and insisted upon the Judge and Miss Gibson joining him in eating it. The Judge, as you know, is a humorist, and accepted the situation, especially as Hewitt politely assured him that he would not dream of taking 'any emolument' either from himself or his daughter. Then, after spending an hour on board, he liberated the mate, went on shore and freed the poor captain and his boat's crew, brought them on board again, and asked Mr. Gibson to be allowed the honour of kissing his daughter's hand."

"The villain!" exclaimed Mr. Marsbin; "and no doubt he succeeded?"

"He did," replied Mrs. McNab merrily.

"And I'll guarantee that Gibson did not try to hide himself, like Feilding," said Haldane, with a laugh.

### CHAPTER VI.

"A most daring and desperate villain, truly!" said the clergyman, laying down his knife and fork, crossing his smooth hands across his rotund figure, and looking severely at Dr. Haldane, as if to reprove him for his ill-timed levity. "Yet we must trust he will soon be brought to justice, and pay the penalty of his crimes on the gallows. There is a reward of fifty pounds for his apprehension. He cannot long escape, and his execution should be made as public as possible. Only by such publicity can the evil-minded and wicked be brought to realise the terrors of the law, and be restrained from a further indulgence in the paths of crime. Hum, ha!"

Lathom shook his head in grave dissent as Mrs. McNab resumed—

"The three robbers were all well mounted, and a hot pursuit followed; but they separated, and were not again seen in company. Hewitt, however, came upon three of Major Cartwright's men when they were asleep, took away their arms, and left them in peace until the morning, when he rode up and called on them to surrender. He was quite affable, and, beyond taking some of the tobacco they possessed, did not harm them. He told them that he was making off towards Sydney again, and that he would be heard of in a few weeks.

And this was no doubt true, for it is now rumoured that he has been seen within a few miles of Newcastle, where he has many sympathisers."

"No doubt, Madam, no doubt," said Mr. Marsbin. "This man Hewitt was sent out—instead of being hanged at home—for seditious practices in Ireland, and among the prisoners in the Newcastle district are many of his

fellow-countrymen, dangerous Papists and disloyal to a degree—men who, like Hewitt, delight in the practice of crime, and do not stop at murder."

"It is false! He never was, and never could be a murderer! He is a man and a gentleman! Only savage and vindictive laws have made him act as a felon!"

All Captain Lathom's guests half rose from their seats in astonishment and gazed at Helen, who, with her head thrown proudly back and her dark eyes blazing with anger, was leaning with one hand against a side table, her whole frame shaking with excitement.

Walsh put his hand on her arm, and whispered something as Lathom left his seat and came towards her.

"You can leave the room, Helen," he said quietly. "You are not quite well, I think, or you would not have been so rude. Walsh can do all that is necessary."

The girl bent her head, bowed in mute apology to Miss Lathom, who looked at her with the deepest resentment, and left the room.

Lathom returned to his seat, and Haldane, always tactful, even though so rough in his manner, said, "Heat, heat, Lathom. That's what's the matter. Heat and nerves. Do you know, Miss Lathom, that I envy you your trip to Sydney, where the sea breezes will add still more roses to your cheeks. The weather during the past week has been enough to sour the temper of a saint. By the way, Lathom, you want a change yourself. 'All work and no play!' You should make him follow you, Miss Lathom."

"Sydney has no attractions for Uncle Fred, Doctor Haldane. It is not the slightest use my trying to get him to apply for a removal. He thinks too much of Waringa."

"And Waringa has thriven well under his judicious care," said the clergyman, who really had a sort of feeling of admiration and respect for his host; and, in his ponderous manner, desired to show it. "I have never seen in the course of my travels throughout the colony a more thriving and well-ordered community. Hum, ha!"

Lathom expressed his thanks, and then the conversation drifted into other channels. The ladies, after leaving the gentlemen to their wine and cigars, retired to Miss Lathom's own room to discuss the latter's intended visit to Sydney. Presently Helen came in to them with tea. Her mistress looked at her keenly, and, in something less than her usual sharp manner when she was annoyed, asked her what had made her "behave so ridiculously."

"I am very sorry, Miss. I hardly knew what I was saying. I trust you will excuse me."

"Very well," replied the young lady graciously. "I suppose you will be more particular in future not to startle us in that way again. I am quite sure that Mr. Marsbin felt very much annoyed at your rude exclamation. I trust that this man Hewitt is not known to you—as we really might have inferred?"

Helen made no answer, but her face showed a darkening flush, and Mrs. McNab whispered to her hostess to say nothing more.

"Oh, but indeed I must," said Miss Lathom, with childish petulance. "What



should a girl like her have to do with such a man? Now, tell me, Helen, at *once*, do you know this Hewitt?"

I beg of you, Miss, to pardon my not answering your question. I—I do not feel very well to-night."

"Very well, you may go. I think you had better go to bed."

"Poor thing," said Mrs. McNab; "she certainly does not look at all well. I could see that her hands were trembling."

"I'm afraid I treat her too well. She really can be quite obstinate, and almost sullen at times. I've tried to show her, too, that I take an interest in her welfare; but instead of being thankful I really believe she resents it."

Mrs. McNab made no answer. She was a sympathetic little woman, and knew that Helen was suffering from some mental strain which she was hardly able to bear, and that Miss Lathom's ill-timed questioning, had it been continued, would have probably led to another such passionate outburst as she had heard in the dining-room half an hour before. And secretly she resolved at least to speak a few words of sympathy to the girl in the morning, if an opportunity of so doing were afforded her.

Late that night, after everyone in the Commandant's house but herself had gone to bed, Helen stepped out of her room, the door of which opened out on the verandah, and sat down on the steps. A faint air was blowing from the creek, and no sound broke the silence of the night but the steady footfall of the sentry stationed at the barrack-gate near by. Overhead was a star-studded sky of deepest blue; and the forest-clad spur of the mountain range in which were the dreaded "Quarries," though its nearest point was four miles distant, loomed up so distinctly in the clear night air that it seemed within a few hundred yards. Down from the base of the range a thin grey mist—the precursor of another hot day—was beginning to arise and envelop the tops of the lofty gum and tallow-wood trees which stretched along the banks of the creek in an unvarying monotony of outline.

As she sat leaning against one of the verandah-posts, and looking dreamily down towards the landing-place, she thought of the events of the day—the letter given to her by old Tim taking first place in her musings. Who could have written it? Not Vincent Hewitt, surely! What could he—a proscribed man, hunted day and night—do towards giving her father and herself liberty? And then, besides that, surely he had forgotten her and the old, old days when, as boy and girl lovers, they had wandered together in the green lanes by Annalong, and under the shadow of Slieve Donard. And that was five years ago—five long years of misery and woe—and never but once had she heard his name spoken since, when Captain Lathom, in her hearing, had one day read out to Dr. Haldane the names of a batch of Irish prisoners just arrived, who had been transported for sedition, and among them was "Vincent Hewitt, of Killeel, County Down, fourteen years." No, she thought, it could not be Vincent. Yet it must be someone who had known her father—someone who had not forgotten him, and was perhaps at that very moment not far away either from him or from herself. There was, she had been told, an almost perfect system of communication between not only the Irish political prisoners in the colonies, but between the convicts generally. Sometimes this was accomplished by means of letters passed from hand to hand, and taking many months ere they reached the persons for whom they were intended; sometimes verbally, when an interchange of prisoners took place from one settlement to another, and a friendly jailer or soldier guard would turn aside his head as he saw two men from different gangs exchanging a whispered word. Many prisoners, she knew, had succeeded in escaping, even in the very earliest days, when Australia was generally spoken of as "Botany Bay," and her cheeks flushed when she remembered the daring deed of Will Bryant, the transported English smuggler, who, with his young wife and two infant children and five trusted fellow-convicts, had seized a small boat in Sydney Cove and sailed her more than three thousand miles to Timor.

Ah, she thought, how happy would she be to make such an attempt with her father! The brave and beautiful Mary Bryant had seen one of her children die in the boat from starvation and exhaustion, had seen her heroic and dying husband recaptured by the savage and infamous Edwards, of the *Pandora*, the pursuer of the *Bounty* mutineers, and had heard his last sigh as, with his hand in hers, he expired in the Dutch hospital in Batavia, and left her with her sickly babe alone in the world—and a prisoner still.

The tears filled her eyes as she thought of the sad story, which she had read when she was a child. For poor Bryant, just ere he died, wandered in his mind, and had sat up on his pallet and spread out his arms, with a smile on his face, and cried out weakly: "Look, Mary! The sea, the open sea at last—God's own blue sea! Hold up our boy Emmanuel, and wake the babe, my girl. Oh, liberty, liberty, and life at last!"

And the poor young wife, whose boy Emmanuel lay buried under the torrid sands of the Queensland coast two thousand miles away, had cried out through her falling tears: "Yes, yes, dear Will. See, the babe is here, and laughs, but Emmanuel sleeps."

Suddenly Helen was aware of something being near her, and presently Russ, who was a keen watch-dog, and was lying down in front of the dining-room door, stood up and growled as he caught sight of a figure moving cautiously about among the trees in the garden a few yards away. Then he barked loudly and repeatedly, and the figure vanished just as Captain Lathom stepped out on the verandah. He caught sight of Helen at once.

"Who is that?"

"Helen, Sir."

"What is Russ barking at?"

"I do not know, Sir. I fancied I saw something moving among the trees just now, but whatever it was it has gone now."

Lathom called the dog to him, and then walked over to the place Helen had indicated. There was nothing to

be seen. Then he went over to the sentry, and asked him if he had seen anything.

"Nothing, Sir, except that some of the horses in the little paddock seemed a bit restless just a while ago."

"Native dogs prowling about, I suppose," thought Lathom, as he went back to the house. Helen was awaiting his return.

"What are you doing up so late, Helen?"

"I could not sleep, Sir, and came out to sit on the verandah a little while." She paused a moment, and then said hurriedly: "I am very sorry, Sir, for what occurred this evening. I trust you will not think I intended any disrespect to you. But—"

"But you must not let your feelings carry you away, Helen," said the Commandant kindly, and he placed his hand gently on hers as he spoke. "We had better let the matter drop. So good-night."

He went to his room and Helen to hers, and Russ again laid himself down in front of the door with a contented sigh, and the house was once more silent.

But in the stables old Tim and another man were conversing in whispered tones.

"Sure, I could ye, Sor; that the dog would see ye at wanst. And the Captain is a powerful light sleeper. For the love av God and the sake av the girl, an' your honour's own life, do not attempt any more. It's meself that 'ull be prayin' for ye both to-night."

"Thank you, old man," said the visitor, as he took Tim's hand, "I will run no further risks; but when you see her in the morning tell her that Vincent Hewitt is near and will see her soon. And tell her that never for one day since I saw her last has she been absent from my thoughts."

"I will; I will indade," said the old man energetically. "Maybe 'twas you, Sor, that sint her the letter she got the day?"

"A letter! No. I sent no letter," replied the stranger. "Now, good-night. My horse is on the other side of the creek, and I must swim across again."

## CHAPTER VII.

At nine o'clock on the following morning Captain McNab was standing at his gate talking to his guest, who was about to start for Waringa.

"Thank you very much for your kindness to me, Captain McNab," he said, as he shook hands with his host. "I shall look forward with pleasure to spending another night here on my way back to Sydney."

"And I shall be very glad to have you stay with us all the time you are in the district, Mr. Lugard, if you could so manage it. I wish you all success in your inquiries. You will find Lathom a good fellow, and he will, I know, do all he can to assist you. Tell him that I'll be over at Waringa in a day or so to say good-bye to Miss Lathom and see our friend Haldane. Now, are you quite sure about the road? Won't you let me send a man with you?"

"Not at all—not at all. I should be a poor sort of creature if I lost myself between here and Waringa. And I shall go so slowly that I cannot possibly go astray. Like yourself, Sir, riding is not one of my most shining accomplishments, and I feel more at home on a ship's deck than in a saddle."

With a smile and a wave of his hand to the genial old Captain, Lugard turned his horse's head, and in a few minutes was out of sight from the house, and riding along the main road to Waringa. Captain McNab stood and watched him disappear.

"A very pleasant fellow indeed," he said to himself; "every inch a gentleman, and as fine a looking young man as I've ever seen. Well, I shall be glad to see him again. He and Lathom will get on splendidly together."

Lugard certainly deserved the complimentary terms which the ex-naval officer had applied to him. About twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, and of medium height, his figure, even when seen at the disadvantage of being on horseback, was a model of symmetrical proportion and muscularity, and his extremely handsome features, which were deeply bronzed by exposure to tropic suns, were rendered the more striking by clear grey eyes, which, though ever on the alert, yet always seemed in meditative repose. His dark brown beard and moustache he wore in a fashion then somewhat unusual, the former being carefully trimmed to a point and the ends of the latter curling up half-way across his cheeks. He was dressed in a light grey suit of thin tweed, a soft Panama hat, and wore well-fitting Wellington boots, which protected his legs from the feet, to the knees from the insidious and irritating grass-seeds, which at that season of the year rendered travelling over any part of open, grassy country exceedingly unpleasant to even a mounted man whose legs were unprotected either by high boots or leggings.

Letting the reins fall on his horse's withers, he took out his pipe and a plug of dark, strong tobacco, cut up a pipeful, and presently the smoke was curling around his bearded face, as the old stock horse he was riding walked steadily along the road.

"Take it easy, old fellow," he said, "and give me a chance to enjoy some of the old Dutch skipper's tobacco. I've had to smoke more bad cigars since I came to this infernal country than I've ever smoked in my life, and it's a godsend to get at one's pipe again. Eh! what do you think, old horse? That's right, shake your weather ear if you mean 'No,' and nod your old coffin-shaped head when you mean 'Yes,' and we'll get along together rippingly. Take your own time, but don't go to sleep, and may you never be turned into salt horse, and poor devils of sailor-men have to eat you. I swear I'll recognise you again if ever I come across a bit of you in a harness-cask, for I know every lump and knot in your poor old carcass, although we have only been acquainted a few days. But you're a good old beast in spite of your looks, and mustn't take my chaff in bad part. Eh! That's right, nod your head again and snort. We understand each other, don't we?"

Evidently Mr. Lugard was in a good humour with himself and with the world in general, for after he had finished his pipe he began to sing in a clear, pleasant voice, and laughed loudly when two scrub-wallabies,

which had been lying down dozing under the shade of the trees lining the road, sprang across right under the horse's nose and disappeared swiftly among the timber on the other side.

Half an hour later the road narrowed into a track, which descended the side of a long, gentle slope, at the bottom of which was a small running stream of clear, cool water, almost concealed from view by the density of the tangled foliage which grew along its banks. Here the traveller dismounted, and letting his horse feed on the soft grass growing among the boulders lining the edge of a fairly-sized pool, he knelt down and drank.

"Just lovely! And what a place for a bathe!" he said, as he looked at the clean pebbly bottom of the pool. "It's too good a chance to miss; so here goes."

In a few seconds his clothes were lying on the bank, and he was revelling in the delightfully cool and bracing water, swimming round and round the pool, diving to the bottom, and scaring into the nooks and crevices hundreds of small, handsome fishes like grayling. Presently, as he sat on a smooth, round stone, and was amusedly watching the alarmed little beauties poking out their heads and staring with bright, beady eyes at the strange apparition of his feet, he heard the sound of someone approaching from the track on the opposite side of the creek, and there emerged a youth riding one horse and leading another.

"Good morning, sonny," cried the bather.

"Mornin'," replied the boy, slowly walking his horses through the water, and staring so fixedly at the upper portion of the man's figure that the latter laughed.

"What are you looking at?"

"Thought you'd been an' cut yerself all over yer chest," said the lad laconically, still staring. "Why, it's a bird, ain't it? A eagle?"

Mr. Lugard smiled. His chest was tattooed in blue and vermilion with an outspread eagle with pinions extended from shoulder to shoulder, and grasping in the talons of the right foot the flagpole of the banner of the American Republic. The whole device was beautifully executed, and made a very striking effect.

"Yes, sonny, as you say, it is an eagle—a bird we are uncommonly fond of in my country."

"Wot! Do you eat 'em?"

"No; but we think a lot of them all the same. Got any in this country?"

"Lots. I heard about one that was shot at Barranjoey. He was near as big as a two-year-old bull calf. They carries lambs away too."

Lugard nodded, and then, as he proceeded to dress, he encouraged the boy to talk by asking him where he was going, and was surprised to hear that he was proceeding all the way to Newcastle.

"What is taking you all that distance?"

"Sixty mile, or a hundred mile, ain't no distance," drawled the youngster, as he got off his horse and began filling an exceedingly dirty clay with some coarse tobacco. "My old man is sending me there to buy two bags of sugar, as we heard there was a shipful of it in Sydney, an' it order be a lot cheaper now."

"Yes, it should. I came to Sydney in that same ship. But it's a long ride to Newcastle for two bags of sugar."

"Better than paying three bob a pound for it at Waringa."

"I suppose it is. So you come from Waringa? Been living there long?"

"Borned there."

"Do you know Captain Lathom's place?"

"Course. Know him an' everyone else. I seed Miss Lathom this morning when she give me some letters to post for her in Newcastle. I heard she's goin' ter Sydney soon fur a spell."

Lugard became suddenly interested. "Is Captain Lathom going too?" he asked.

"No, but she's taking Helen Cronin with her, so I heard."

"Who is Helen Cronin?" asked Lugard carelessly, as he refilled his pipe.

"Miss Lathom's servant—and a right good sort she is too, I can tell yer. Lot more prettier'n Miss Lathom, I heer coves say, but I don't think much of her looks. Miss Lathom would be my dart if I was a growed-up cove and wanted to start courtin'. My word, yer orter see her yaller hair, and the rings she wears."

"Well, I shall see her, sonny, some time to-day, I suppose; and if I don't, I'll take your word for it that I've missed something. When is she going away?"

"Day or two, I believe. Maybe she's going down with the parson."

"Parson! Who is the parson?"

"Old flogging Marsbin. He's at Waringa now, the old cove, an' I heard he was goin' ter Sydney. I wish the" (here the lad uttered some exceedingly vigorous and shocking adjectives) "fat swine would get drowned, or jolly well shot by the bushrangers."

"I've heard of the Reverend Mr. Marsbin," said Lugard, as he began to pull on his boots. "He does not appear to be liked—by you at any rate."

The youth grinned and sucked at his pipe, and then went on to relate all the local gossip, in which his listener also displayed an interest. Then, after he had succeeded in learning all that could be learned, he asked the boy his name, and was informed that it was Sam Tucker.

"Well, Sam, you're a pretty smart sort of a youngster, I can see, and I wish you a pleasant journey and a safe return. Now, will these two half-crowns be any use to you?"

"Rather, Mister," was the eager reply. "I want ter buy some powder and caps fur my gun. Father wouldn't give me no more'n two bob, an' told me he'd gimme a welt on the head if I wasn't satisfied."

By this time Lugard had finished dressing, and, catching his horse, he gave young Tucker a pleasant farewell, and rode on.

"That was a lucky meeting," he said, as he struck into the track on the other side of the creek. "A day or two later and I should have missed Miss Helen Adair, of Annalong, and have had to follow her to Sydney, where it would be rather difficult to talk to her, I imagine."

When he had left the creek a mile behind him the sun began to make itself felt, and as the country was



now fairly open he turned off from the track and rode under the shade of the tree-tops. This was better than the hard soil, for the ground, where it was not grassed, was covered with the debris of the thin sheets of bark which had peeled off the smooth boles of the grey gum-trees.

A sound like the faint bellowing of a cow or bullock made him look to the right, and he saw what was evidently a small swamp about two hundred yards away, for the margin was surrounded by thickly growing reeds, and he now noticed for the first time that there were a number of well-beaten cattle-tracks about him, all converging towards the reeds. Rising in his stirrups he saw the shimmer of water, and in it, or on it, something white, which appeared to move, and again he heard the cry of a beast.

"Get up, old coffin-head, and let us see what it is," he said, making his horse trot, and heading towards the swamp. The moment he reached the edge, and looked through a passage in the reeds, he saw that the white object was an unfortunate cow standing in the centre of the swamp beside her young calf, which was hopelessly bogged, and looked to be nearly dead from exhaustion and starvation. Within a few feet of the poor creature was a dry spot on which sat three native dogs watching the dying calf with hungry eyes, and snapping and snarling at the poor mother every time she tried to drive them away.

Lugard slipped quietly to the ground, and took his pistol from its pouch. It was an exquisitely finished double-barrelled weapon, and had done its owner good service on many occasions. He dropped on one knee, and, picking out the largest of the three dingoes, fired; the creature fell dead, and as the other two sprang off across the swamp a second bullet caught the foremost on the ribs and rolled it over. It struggled to its feet again, however, and tried to reach the shelter of the reeds on the margin of the swamp, but after running a few yards it stopped, sat on its haunches, and began to lick its wound.

"I must put you out of your misery, my friend," said Lugard, "but, as I don't want to waste a bullet, I'll settle you by knocking you on the head."

He stood up, and, still holding the pistol, began to run round the edge of the swamp towards the dingo, when a man suddenly emerged from behind a large grey gum and levelled a pistol at his head.

"Put your hands up, or I'll send a bullet through your skull!" cried the stranger sharply. "I'm Hewitt, the bush-ranger!"

"Are you indeed!" answered Lugard coolly; and instead of obeying Hewitt's command, he let his right hand, in which he held his pistol, drop to his side. "You're out very early this morning, Mr. Hewitt. And you've taken a mean advantage of me. And do you know that you have a very dirty face?"

The bushranger laughed grimly. "And you'll have a white one presently if you don't look smart, my friend. I'm in no humour for joking. Put your hands behind your back and then turn round."

"My dear Sir! Why should you go to so much trouble as to tie my hands behind my back? I have very little money in my valise, I assure you—hardly sufficient to repay you for the trouble of taking it. And I am very anxious to settle that creature over there—a dingo I believe you call it in Australia. But perhaps you will be so good as to put another bullet into it instead of into me. I assure you I will not try to escape."

Hewitt's face flushed darkly. "I'll take every good care of that, my fine fellow. Now cease this fooling, and do as I tell you. I'm not a man to be trifled with."

"I can see that, Mr. Hewitt. I believe you would put a bullet into me if I made you cross. A man with an empty pistol standing in front of another man with a loaded one is in a very delicate position for argument.

So——" He paused for a moment or two, and still keeping his eyes fixed steadily on Hewitt, went on as if talking to himself more than to the man before him—"as I was saying, I won't argue with you. I am, to a great extent, a man who strives to avoid giving his fellow-man unnecessary trouble, and I again assure you that you would be wasting your doubtless valuable time in lashing my hands behind my back when it is in my power to relieve you of such a task. *So, there you are!*" And, quick as lightning, he raised his arm and sent his pistol, which he was holding by the barrel, into Hewitt's face. It struck him right between the eyes with such terrific force that he fell back, half stunned. In an instant Lugard was upon him, wrenched his pistol from his hand, and put the muzzle to his forehead

"Have you ever tried shooting with the left hand, Mr. Hewitt?" he said to his opponent, who was now looking at him with a face devoid of any sign of resentment. "You would find it a most useful accomplishment in your profession. Now these weapons of yours are clumsy, smooth-bore affairs, if you will pardon my saying so, and mine is rifled. But still——" He raised his left hand and fired, and a cry of admiration burst from Hewitt as the dingo fell dead, for the bullet struck him in the head.

"Ah, they're better than I thought," said Lugard, as he threw the empty weapon on the ground, and half put the loaded one in his pocket. Then that, too, he withdrew and dropped carelessly.

"Now, my friend, I think I mentioned, when I

first had the pleasure of seeing you, that your face was dirty; the slight accident with which you have met has now rendered it even more unsightly. Although I am a sailor, and used to seeing dirty faces and, occasionally, blood, the sight of both is very repellent to me. Therefore I would suggest that you make yourself presentable. It is a remarkably good-looking face. But first of all let me offer you some very excellent brandy—I am sure it will do you good."

He walked leisurely over to his horse, and with his back to the bushranger, near to whose hands lay the loaded pistol, took a flask of brandy from his saddle-bag and returned. Hewitt had not moved an inch.

"Take it neat?" asked Lugard, as he poured some of the liquor into the silver cup.

Hewitt nodded, then stood up and stretched out his hand.

"Your health, Sir," he said quietly. "I don't know who you are, but you're a deuced fine fellow."

"Thank you for the compliment. Now I think you might clean your countenance a bit, eh? Then perhaps you will lend me a hand to pull that calf out of the bog?"

"I'll come now," replied the other, his face flushing scarlet under the sunburnt skin.

The two walked through the reeds and into the shallow water to the cow and calf, and in a few minutes the latter was dragged out and, followed by its mother, who tried hard to push the rescuers away, carried to firm ground and set on its feet.

"Will it live?" asked Lugard.

"Yes," replied the bushranger, "though it is pretty nearly perished from thirst. Stand quiet, you old fool, whilst I hold your baby up on its feet."

Lugard laughed as Hewitt put his hands under the wet and muddied calf and held it on its staggering feet while the cow stood quietly over it and let it drink from her distended udder. In ten minutes it was satisfied, and then Hewitt let it lie down.

"It'll be all ready for another drink soon," he said; "and there is plenty of grass for the cow all round the swamp, so she need not have to leave it."

"Now let us have a wash, Mr. Hewitt. By the way, where is your horse?"

"Just over there in that clump of trees. I had just unsaddled when I saw you come along and shoot the dingoes. By Jove, you can shoot too!"

"Fairly well, fairly well. Now, Mr. Vincent Hewitt, we'll take a drop of brandy together before we make ourselves decent. Then I want to talk to you on some business that will interest you."

"What is it?"

"I want to talk to you about some relatives of yours—Miss Helen Adair and her father. I have come ten thousand miles to see them."

Amazement was depicted to such an extent on Hewitt's face that he could only stare blankly at Lugard, who laughed as he put out his hand.

"My name is Lugard, and I am a friend. Now hurry up and wash your face, and then we can talk. I hope to see your cousin Helen very soon."

"She is at Waringa," cried Hewitt at last, as he shook the hand extended to him.

"I know that. Now don't try and make me talk now, for I won't. I must first rid myself of this mud."

(To be continued.)



"Now, Mr. Hewitt," he said pleasantly, "I must trouble you to submit."

"Now, Mr. Hewitt," he said pleasantly, "I must trouble you to submit to the trifling operation that you contemplated performing upon me. Your hands, please."

He took his opponent's hands and deftly lashed them together with a silk handkerchief behind his back, took Hewitt's second pistol from his belt, then raised him to a sitting position, and looked at him with a humorous expression, which, however, vanished in a moment when he saw that the blood was pouring down Hewitt's face, for the pistol had inflicted a deep gash in his forehead.

"That's a severe cut I've given you. Have you a handkerchief?"

"No."

"Ah, well, I suppose I must trust you. I have your two pistols—and wretched things too they are, when compared to mine; and so here goes."

He stooped down and untied the man's hands, and taking the handkerchief, bound it tightly round his head, so as to stay the flow of blood. Then, picking up Hewitt's pistols, he again rose, and looked at the wounded dingo.



# THE PRINCE OF WALES IN HIS DUCHY: THE DEDICATION OF TRURO CATHEDRAL.

DRAWN BY WILLIAM PRATER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT TRURO.

Princess of Wales. Prince of Wales.

Archbishop of Canterbury.



Recorder of Truro. Lord Mount Edgcumbe. Mayor of Truro.

Councillors.

Bishop of Truro.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY PREACHING THE SERMON IN THE FIRST PROTESTANT CATHEDRAL COMPLETED IN ENGLAND SINCE THE REFORMATION.

*The Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Princess, was present at the dedication of the new cathedral at Truro on July 15. After the usual suffrages and collects for the King and Royal Family had been recited, the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, as Lord Lieutenant, requested the Bishop to receive, offer, and bless the new nave, that dignitary replying, "I am ready to do as you desire, and I pray God to bless and prosper this our work." Immediately before the sermon, the Bishop, holding his staff in his hand, said, "By the authority committed to us in the Church of God we declare the nave of this cathedral church hallowed in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."*



# BEHIND THE SCENES AT BISLEY: SCORING THE HITS.



THE MARKSMEN'S SIDE OF THE BUTTS: A CLOSE VIEW OF THE TARGETS.

THE MARKERS' SIDE OF THE BUTTS: THE BACK OF THE TARGETS, AND THE METHOD OF SHOWING THE MARKSMAN HIS HITS.



THE MARKERS' SHELTER: THE MEN AT WORK BENEATH THE TARGETS.

The score is signalled by means of square discs hung on the framework—shown in the photograph of the back of the targets—which takes the place of the targets when they are lowered. The exact position of each hit is marked on the target itself, in the manner shown in the same photograph. Beneath the butts is a roofed-in trench, and in this the markers work, protected from the shots.



# THE KING AND QUEEN IN IRELAND: SCENES OF THE ROYAL TOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. LAWRENCE, LAFAYETTE, AND WELCH.



1. THEIR MAJESTIES' LANDING PLACE: KINGSTOWN HARBOUR.
2. THE SCENE OF THE LÉVÉE AND PRESENTATION OF ADDRESSES: DUBLIN CASTLE.
3. THE PRESENTATION OF COLOURS TO THE ROYAL HIBERNIAN MILITARY SCHOOL: THE SCHOOL BUILDINGS, PHOENIX PARK.
4. THE ROYAL RESIDENCE IN DUBLIN: THE VICEREGAL LODGE.
5. THE VISIT TO BELFAST: THE HIGH STREET.
6. THE VISIT TO LORD AND LADY LONDONDERRY: MOUNTSTEWART, CO. DOWN.
7. THE TOUR BY MOTOR-CAR: RECESS, CO. GALWAY.
8. WESTERN IRELAND: KILLARY BAY AND LEENANE.
9. THE KING AND THE CHURCH: ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.
10. WESTERN IRELAND: THE CLADDAGH, CO. GALWAY.
11. ON THE WAY TO LONDONDERRY: CASTLE BRIDGE, BUNCRAHA.
12. THE TOUR BY MOTOR-CAR: GALWAY SCENERY.
13. ON THE WAY TO CORK: BERRAHAVEN.
14. THE POINT OF EMBARRASSMENT FOR COWS: QUEENSTOWN.
15. THE CONCLUSION OF THE TOUR: PATRICK STREET, CORK.
16. THE KING AND THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH: THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF ST. PATRICK, MAYNOOTH.
17. A CHARITABLE INSTITUTION TO BE OPENED BY THE KING: THE NEW VICTORIAN HOSPITAL, BELFAST.





THE UNDECIDED RACE OFF NEWPORT, JULY 2: "RELIANCE," "CONSTITUTION," AND "COLUMBIA" AT THE START.



THE PROBABLE DEFENDER: "RELIANCE" BREAKING THE RECORD FOR THIRTY MILES.



OLD AND NEW CHALLENGERS IN AMERICAN WATERS: "SHAMROCK I." AND "SHAMROCK III." ON A TRIAL SPIN OFF SANDY HOOK.

THE PRELIMINARY TRIALS FOR THE AMERICA CUP RACES: THE CHALLENGER AND THE PROBABLE DEFENDER AT WORK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BURTON, NEW YORK.

*The contest off Newport on July 2 was not concluded, as both "Reliance" and "Constitution" met with mishaps and retired. The former's foresail came down with a run while she was leading in the last leg; the latter had her peak halyards carried away soon after the start. "Columbia" lost a man overboard.*



AN ECHO OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR: FRENCH INFANTRY IN THEIR NEW "BOER" UNIFORM.

*The new uniform of the French infantry was first seen by the public at the recent Longchamps review in honour of the National Fête. The wide trousers and the blue tunic are replaced by uniforms of bluish grey, and the képi by a Boer-like slouch hat, with the Tricolour. The buttons of the tunic are bronzed, and a black leather belt is worn. The officers wear a gold-and-red belt, and have gold buttons. The eighth company of the Twenty-eighth Regiment of the Line was chosen to present the new dress first.*





1. THE STATUE OF LIBERTY. 2. THE TOMB OF GENERAL GRANT. 3. BROOKLYN BRIDGE.  
THE FOURTH OF JULY IN NEW YORK: THE ILLUMINATIONS IN CELEBRATION OF INDEPENDENCE DAY.  
DRAWN BY HOLLAND TRINGHAM.



THE GREAT FIRE AT THE SCANDINAVIAN-AMERICAN STEAM-SHIP COMPANY'S DOCKS, HOBOKEN, U.S.A.,  
JULY 10.  
DRAWN BY HOLLAND TRINGHAM.



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## THE SCIENCE OF HOLIDAYING.

From now onwards throughout the holiday season, seekers after a renewal of health and vigour will be dispersing their legions all over the globe. Some of us are stay-at-home folk, while others wander afield and visit strange lands, ranging, these holiday-makers, from the sphere of the Continental tourist to the globe-trotters themselves. The enjoyment of a holiday is often said to reside in the lazy time it affords. This is very true in the case of the busy worker who unbends the bow and lies fallow for a time, greatly to his advantage. But there are others who rush from place to place, toiling and moiling over the task of pleasure-seeking, and returning home but little benefited by their change. Between resting and rushing, however, there are surely middle pathways. While it is not necessary to rest absolutely, it is certainly unwise to make a toil of what should be a pleasure. Possibly, on the *chacun à son goût* principle, each of us pleases himself here; but the general advice to make the most and the best of our leisure-time may be held to include, at least, easy and contented travel, if travel we must.

A great many persons might derive some intellectual advantage from their tours if only they tried to make the acquaintance of certain elementary truths connected with the outer nature before their eyes. A man who knows a little marine zoology will find the sea-beach, for example, an inexhaustible field of interest. Even the colouring of a crab may suggest to him ideas regarding protective tints enabling the animal to escape the attacks of enemies, and the ways of crab life are worth watching indeed. A pocket-lens will show you the wonders of those zoophyte animal colonies which the unlearned regard as "seaweeds." A roadside ditch can easily be shown to be full of wonders, and a simple microscope devoted to the examination of its minute life makes an excellent companion for a wet day in the country.

I need scarcely enter a plea for the value of a knowledge of botany, and for even a simple knowledge of that science, as investing the roadside weed with interest. As for geology, it gives us the clue to the understanding of the scenery which surrounds us, and of the causes and actions that have cut and carved the earth's crust into its special conformation, not only in one locality but in all. Time after time I have heard tourists in Switzerland discussing the ice-rivers we call glaciers. As a rule, nobody who talked about them knew anything of their history. They were almost on the level of the old lady who, seeing a glacier for the first time, remarked that surely it must have been a very severe winter to have left so much ice. Our tourists had never read Tyndall's "Forms of Water," or glanced at a geological primer telling them of the wonderful origin of glaciers, of their movement, of their retreat, and of their relations to the great Ice Age of the near past.

I argue, therefore, that we miss a very great deal if when in holidaying we come face to face with Nature's wonders, we are unable to construe them. Take the case of the glacier, for example. It is telling enough. You see the rivers of ice before you when you visit Swiss territory. Each appears solid, enduring, motionless. There, if you know nothing of science, you leave it. For you it is a big lump of ice, and, like Peter Bell's primrose by the river's brim, it is "nothing more." What, on the other hand, will the glacier be to you if you have been instructed somehow or other—by reading a book or by listening to a popular lecture—in its history? It will prove to be a veritable magazine of wonders to you. Nay, more, it will lead your thoughts, as I have said, away from ice-rivers and ice to think of the story of the earth at large and of the time when it "in tracts of fluent heat began."

I can imagine a vast collection of interesting thoughts and memories remaining to a man or woman after a visit to a glacier country. Years afterwards these recollections will please us. You have learned how the glacier is born, away among the high mountain peaks amid the snow. It is a child of the snow, which, pressing down into the higher valleys, becomes granular in character and constitutes the *firn* or *névé*. Further down this crystallised snow becomes fine grained, and further down still it becomes real ice of glassy consistence, broken up by fissures or crevasses. The ice which from your hotel balcony seems smooth is really a mass of pinnacles or seracs. This is your ice-river, which at its lower part ends in an ice-cave, whence and from below issues the real river of water that courses down the valley. Then you see the débris or waste of the mountains the glacier has brought down. These are moraine-heaps. There is one at the end of the glacier and there is one at each side, and if, mayhap, you are looking at a glacier which is of compound nature you will see a moraine in the middle as well, composed of the side moraines of the joined rivers.

More than all this, you will learn of the flowing of the ice. For it flows like a river, fastest in the middle, slowest at the sides. How ice should be able to flow like glue your studies will have taught you. It is really a plastic substance. It is moulded by pressure, and accommodates itself to all the exigencies of the valley. When the strain is unequal it is saved from parting by the faculty of regelation, whereby ice particles which are pressed together instantly freeze again and become whole. All through, the ice-river, solid in appearance, is in reality in a state of molecular movement, and so it flows from the mountain to the valley below. It is thoughts such as these which ennoble a holiday and make our memories thereof pleasant when the summer days are over and gone. More, such recollections come to form a stable part of our intellectual life that no sorrow can lessen and no misfortune of existence can take away.

ANDREW WILSON.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

E F JOHNSON (Dover).—In the position you submit the game is undoubtedly won by Black.

R C C (New Cross).—David Nutt, Long Acre.

W S ARNOLD (Wolverhampton).—We will try to refer to the problem; but twenty-four years is a long time to go back upon.

T HILL (Hitchin).—There must be some mistake. The moves you give are quite impossible. Have you sent the right diagram?

F C (Rio).—Thanks for the game; but we fear the play on one side is too feeble to allow us to make use of your contribution.

W A LILICO (Glasgow).—We shall be pleased to hear of your recovery to health.

C CRESSY (Nigel, Transvaal).—If P takes B, 2. Q to K 4th (ch); 2. K takes B, 3. Kt to Kt 7th, mate.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3080 and 3081 received from Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 3084 from R C Paul (Calcutta); of No. 3087 from A G (Pancsova), Charles H Allen, A J Allen (Hampstead), and Frank W Atkinson (Crowthorne); of No. 3088 from Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), William Miller (Cork), W A Lillico (Glasgow), and G C B.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3089 received from Eugene Henry (Lewisham), G Bakker (Rotterdam), Shadforth, F Henderson (Leeds), Captain Spencer, Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), W M Eglinton (Birmingham), Sorrento, Martin F, R Worters (Canterbury), Charles Burnett, J D Tucker (Ilkley), L Desanges, Hereward, H S Brandreth (Weybridge), I Roberts, E J Winter-wood, F J S (Hampstead), C E Perugini, W S Arnold (Wolverhampton), Rev. A Mays (Bedford), Edith Corser (Reigate), W A Barnard (Uppingham), E F Johnson (Dover), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), W D Easton (Sunderland), Joseph Cook, W A Lillico (Glasgow), Clement C Danby, Reginald Gordon, F R Pickering, J W (Campsie), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), and G Read.

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3088.—By J. DALLIN PAUL.

## WHITE.

1. Kt to Kt 4th
2. Q to Kt 6th (ch)
3. Kt mates.

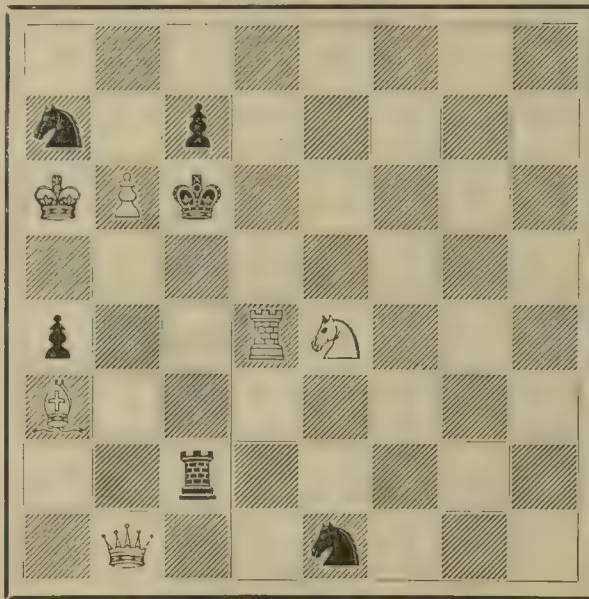
## BLACK.

- K to Q 5th
- K moves

If Black play 1. K to B 5th, 2. B to B 2nd; if 1. P moves, 2. Kt to B 6th (ch); if 1. Kt takes B, 2. Kt to Q 3rd (ch), etc.

## PROBLEM No. 3091.—By PERCY HFALEY.

## BLACK.



## WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

## CHESS IN VIENNA.

Game played between Messrs. TCHIGORIN and PILLSBURY.

(Bishop's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	20. P takes P	Q to Kt 2nd
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	21. R to Q sq	R to Kt 5th
3. B to B 4th	P to Q 4th	22. Q to K 2nd	B to Q 3rd
4. B takes P	Q to R 5th (ch)	23. B takes B	P takes B
5. K to B sq	P to K Kt 4th	24. Q to B 3rd	Q R to Kt sq
6. P to K Kt 3rd	Q to R 3rd	25. K Kt to K 2nd	
7. P to Q 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	If P takes B, Q takes Q (ch); 26. K takes	
8. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	Q, R takes P, etc.	
9. K to Kt 2nd	B to K Kt 5th	25. B to Q 2nd	
10. Q to Q 3rd	Castles	26. Kt to K 4th	Q to R 3rd
11. B takes Kt		Very fine. If now 27. Kt to B 6th, Q takes	
This exchange seems all in favour of White. The Black King is in an exposed position, the weakness of which is accentuated later.		Kt (ch) saves the loss.	
11. P takes B		27. R to Q 3rd	R takes Kt
12. P to K R 4th	Kt to R 4th	28. Q takes R	R to K sq
13. R P takes P	Q takes P	29. Q to B 3rd	Q takes P
14. R takes Kt		30. Kt to Q 4th	P to B 4th
One cannot but admire the confident spirit with which this sacrifice is made against so strong an opponent. It sweeps away, however, the adverse attack, and clears the way for offensive operations.		31. R to B 3rd (ch)	
14. Q takes R		Here White misses his chance of a well-earned victory. Kt takes P was enough.	
15. B takes P	Q to R 4th	31. K to Q sq	
16. Q to B 4th	Q to Kt 3rd	32. Q to B 4th	R to K 5th
17. B to K 5th	Q to Kt sq	33. Q to Kt 5th (ch)	K to K sq
18. P to R 4th	B to K 3rd	34. Q to Kt 8th (ch)	K to K 2nd
19. P to Q 5th		35. Q takes P (ch)	K to B 3rd
The complications that now ensue form a fascinating study, and the play is of the highest order.		36. Q to R 8th (ch)	K to Kt 3rd
19. P takes P		37. Q to Kt 8th (ch)	K to B 3rd
		38. Q to B 8th (ch)	K to Kt 3rd
		39. Kt to B 3rd	R to K 7th (ch)
		40. K to B sq	B to Kt 4th
		41. Q to Kt 8th (ch)	
		This forces the draw. Once Black plays B to Kt 4th, White must go on with perpetual check.	

## CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played between the late C. J. NEWMAN and Mr. JASNOGRODSKY.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. N.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)	WHITE (Mr. N.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	12. Kt takes Kt	K takes Kt
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	13. Kt to B 3rd	K to Kt sq
3. Kt to Q 2nd	K Kt to B 3rd	14. B to Kt sq	Q to Kt 5th
4. P to K 5th	K Kt to Q 2nd	15. P takes P	K R to B sq
5. B to Q 3rd	P to Q B 4th	16. Kt takes Kt	Kt takes Q P
6. P to Q B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd	17. Kt to B 3rd	K to Kt sq
7. K Kt to K 2nd		18. B to Kt sq	Q to Kt 5th
All this runs on unfamiliar lines, but the disposition of White's forces is undeniably good.		19. Q to R 6th	Q to Kt 5th
7. Q to Kt 3rd		20. Kt to Kt 5th	B takes Kt
8. Kt to B 3rd	B to K 2nd	21. B takes B	B to Kt 4th
9. Castles	Castles	22. P to K R 3rd	Resigns.
10. Kt to B 4th	R to K sq		
If now P takes P, 21. P takes P, Kt takes P; 12. Kt takes Kt, Q takes Kt; 13. B takes P (ch), and Black loses his Queen.			
11. B to B 2nd	Kt to B sq		
12. Kt to R 5th			

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## FROM BEGGAR-STUDENT TO PONTIFF.

Once, and once only, England raised up a man to fill the chair of Peter. In the wild early twelfth century, when the country groaned under baronial oppression, and when atrocity more horrible than that which is practised at this hour in the Balkans was the merest commonplace of daily life, there was born to a poor and obscure Englishman named Breakspear a son whom they christened Nicholas. The father, for what reason is not known, embraced the monastic calling and left Nicholas, then a mere lad, to shift for himself. The youth, who was of a studious bent, became one of those begging scholars who flit romantically across the Middle Ages; such an one, indeed, as Chaucer's Clerk, who—

... al be that he was a philosopre,  
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre;  
But all that he might of his frendes hente  
On bookes and on learning he it spente,  
And busily gan for the soules preye  
Of hem that yaf him wherewith to scoleye.

To such England at that period offered but cold comfort, so young Breakspear quitted its shores for France and studied at Arles. But existence on alms, however attractive to an Englishman's instinct for sport, gives little room for that leisure and peace of mind without which learning cannot attain flower and fruition; so it is not surprising to find Nicholas seeking the hospitable shelter and settled way of life afforded by a religious house. When the wandering scholar wearied of the street or the highway, he had but to knock at the wicket of a monastery, and, likelier than not, the brethren would find him employment and shelter. The step was not irrevocable, for before taking the vows he would have to serve his novitiate; and if during that time he longed for the road again, well, then, he went with a blessing, his wallet filled full, a coin, perhaps, in his satchel. He would be richer, at any rate, for the quiet, the discipline, the use of the library, the music in the chapel. He might also have gained some proficiency in illuminating or fair clerkly writing, which might lift him on a rainy day from the mere helpless beggar to the wage-earning craftsman. Without extravagant imagination we may very well suppose that such was the lot of young Nicholas Breakspear before he settled in the house of the canons regular of St. Rufus, near Valence. There he took service in some humble capacity, but before long the conquering Anglo-Saxon in him was manifest. He was admitted to the full fellowship of the order, and rapidly rose to be prior and afterwards abbot. Then the canons discovered that they had indeed met their master, for the stranger, whose personal charm and brilliancy had won them to make him their head, applied the rule of the order with unwelcome severity. Inevitable dissensions were for a time composed by Pope Eugenius III., but on a second outbreak the Pontiff saw that a mere abbacy was less than Breakspear's desert, so he pacified the community of St. Rufus by promoting their chief. In 1146 the Englishman became Cardinal of Albano, and was shortly afterwards sent to Scandinavia, where his Northern sympathies stood him in good stead. In Norway he did much for the cause of the Church, his chief foundation being the Archbishopric of Trondhjem. Eight years later he was welcomed back to Rome, and was hailed gladly as the Apostle of the North.

The begging student was now a made man. A churchman who had driven his mark so deep in ecclesiastical politics could have but one ambition, and for its fulfilment he had not long to wait. In the very year of his return, Pope Anastasius IV. died, and the chosen of the Conclave was Nicholas Breakspear, thereafter known as Adrian IV. Then began an era of wider struggle, when the Anglo-Saxon Pontiff was to match himself against Frederick Barbarossa. First, however, of his policy, he sought the newly elected Emperor's friendship, for he required aid to subdue William of Sicily, who refused to recognise the Papal suzerainty. While Frederick was on his way to Rome to be crowned, Adrian, at the very outset of his pontificate, had to meet a domestic crisis. The Republicans had grievously maltreated a cardinal in the street. Adrian's measures were, as usual, drastic. He laid Rome under an interdict, and the consequent falling-off of pilgrims so injured the prosperity of the citizens that they were fain to submit and expel the Republican leader, Arnold of Brescia. But meanwhile William of Sicily added to the Pope's troubles by wasting the Campagna. To Frederick, therefore, he turned for aid, and obtained it, though he risked and nearly lost everything on a mere punctilio of etiquette. When Adrian and Barbarossa met at Nepi, in June 1155, the Emperor neither took the Pontiff's bridle nor assisted him to dismount. The Pope thereupon refused the kiss of peace, and for days there was deadlock and debate. At last Frederick yielded, and, in presence of the entire German army, performed the duties of the Pope's honoured groom. Barbarossa and Breakspear then entered Rome in amity, but the people were hostile to the idea of the Emperor's coronation, which was surreptitiously performed on June 18. A fierce conflict ensued between the citizens and the Papal forces, and the former were beaten only by the help of Frederick's troops.

The Pope used his temporary advantage to secure the trial and execution of Arnold of Brescia; but both Adrian and Frederick had to retire to Tivoli, Horace's Tibur, and then Barbarossa went northward, almost as little advantaged by the meeting as the Pope himself. During the next year Adrian brought William of Sicily to submission, and Frederick, growing jealous of the Pope's increasing power, began a series of negotiations which led to prolonged bickerings as to whether the Emperor held his power from God or from the Pope. Adrian behaved throughout with extraordinary arrogance, and both disputants, with a curious smallness, resorted to pin-pricks based on questions of etiquette, forms of address, and precedence. They had come to the point of open war when, on Sept. 1, 1159, the only English Pope died at Anagni of a quinsy.—SIGMA.





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## LADIES' PAGES.

How much trouble is saved when we establish something like a uniform for any particular occasion! This we have almost accomplished with regard to yachting dresses. The ever-useful blue serge, which will bear with equanimity a good splash of sea-water, and yet looks smart and trim enough for a promenade on a pier or parade, has no real rival, and is used year after year. This season it is brightened frequently by narrow bands of those bright-coloured embroideries on woollen grounds which we know as Russian or Roumanian. Braid, medallions, and tassels in silk or gimp also appear, and are very useful, and the deep lace collars, which are almost capes, are sometimes allowed to lighten the effect. Cream serge is also being very much worn this year. Great simplicity marks the designs, but the cut and finish must be very good. Short skirts are made for all the best yachting dresses. A pleated skirt with the folds caught together at frequent intervals by tabs of white silk braid finished with tiny gold buttons, and a short bolero coat pleated to match, had a deep-folded waistbelt coming quite up to the coat, also facings to the revers, of blue-and-white spotted foulard. A white serge dress, the skirt laid in box-pleats stitched down with red, with a medallion of white lace over red silk at the end of each row of stitching, below which the folds fell loose, was a smart example of the *jupe trotteuse*. The pouched bodice was held at the waist under a red silk waistband, and a narrow vest of tucked red silk formed the centre of the corsage, visible between the edges of a very deep lace collar, which was finished all round with tiny tabs of red velvet ribbon, each ending in a pearl button. A row of lace edged with a similar line of red velvet tabs and white buttons went round the sleeve, which was very full and set into a deep and tight lace cuff.

A few examples are ordered of the useful device of a double skirt, where the top skirt reaches the ankles, and the underskirt forms a slight train, the latter being, in fact, a detachable flounce, which can be buttoned on for wear on the deck of the yacht and unbuttoned and put aside in wet weather or when going for a walk on shore. The fashionable *jupe trotteuse* is made short enough to allow the second skirt to appear beneath it like a flounce in this way, with the effect of a double skirt.

Country hats have received the attention of the leading milliners this year, and have been turned out at very low prices in such materials as batiste, muslin, and white Swiss embroidery. These are made with wide gathered frills for the brims, very slightly supported on a wire framework, and flat crowns, trimmed round only with a narrow band of black velvet ribbon,



NEW COAT IN BLACK LACE.

or a touch of red, or perhaps just one rose and its foliage, or a bow of velvet and a cluster or two of forget-me-nots. The flopping brims over the face are shady and useful, and becoming to young faces. Some white muslin hats in this simple design were specially intended by their constructor to be made to harmonise with the different printed muslins or linen gowns with which each *chapeau* was worn; a flat square piece of the material used for each dress is to be laid over the muslin crown, pinned on there with four small gilt brooches provided with the hats for the purpose; the point of the square of the material comes just over the face and is fastened on to the brim with a gold pin, so that the one hat can be made to harmonise with any number of little country frocks.

For the river we have got back the useful and becoming jersey of other days. These garments, of stockinette, are, of course, elastic, so that they fit most comfortably as well as becomingly to a good figure. They are now worn pouched over a belt in front and provided with one of the various fashionable versions of the full sleeve.

With the departure of the King and Queen for Ireland this exceptionally brilliant and busy season must be considered at an end. Goodwood first, and the Cowes week next, will, as usual, claim a large Society attendance; but many people will follow their Majesties to the Emerald Isle. Ireland has beautiful scenery, and if more well-to-do people should be attracted by the example of the King to make the island their pleasure-ground, it must necessarily be to the greatest advantage of a country whose resources are inadequate to its wants in other ways. Much of the land is stony and poor, and there is a good deal of bog; but this does not affect the beauty of the scenery for the tourist. Then I saw more pretty girls in Ireland "to the square yard" than in any other of the many countries in which I have travelled. It was a constant delight to look at them, with their clear complexions, their eyes like deep pools of light, and their strong, graceful build.

Mr. Harry Furniss, who, of course, as a caricaturist has made a study of the faces of the celebrities of the last quarter of a century, has put out a theory that cleverness is usually accompanied by ugliness; and he specifically declares that "a gallery of famous ugly women could easily be arranged." Now in this there is a good deal of truth; only I am inclined to think that exactly the same observation would apply to any other class, either of men or women, for the simple reason that beauty is rare. It would be just as correct, and therefore just as full of

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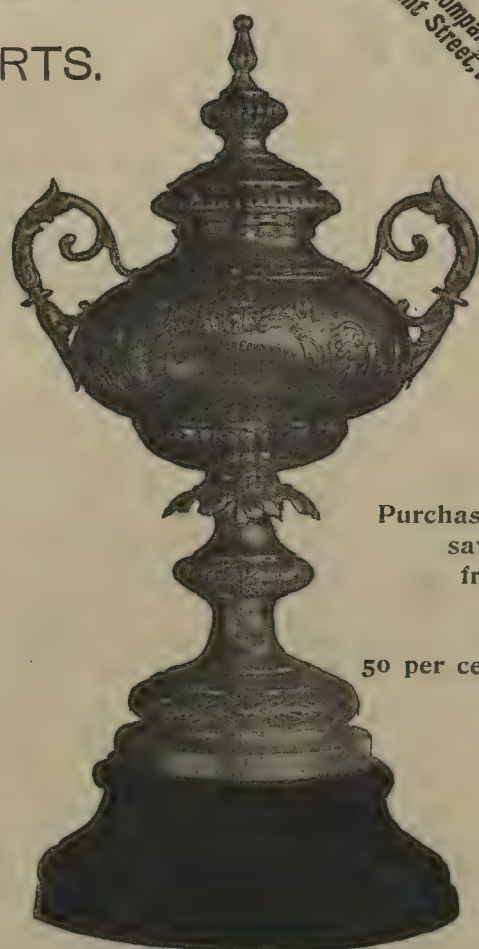


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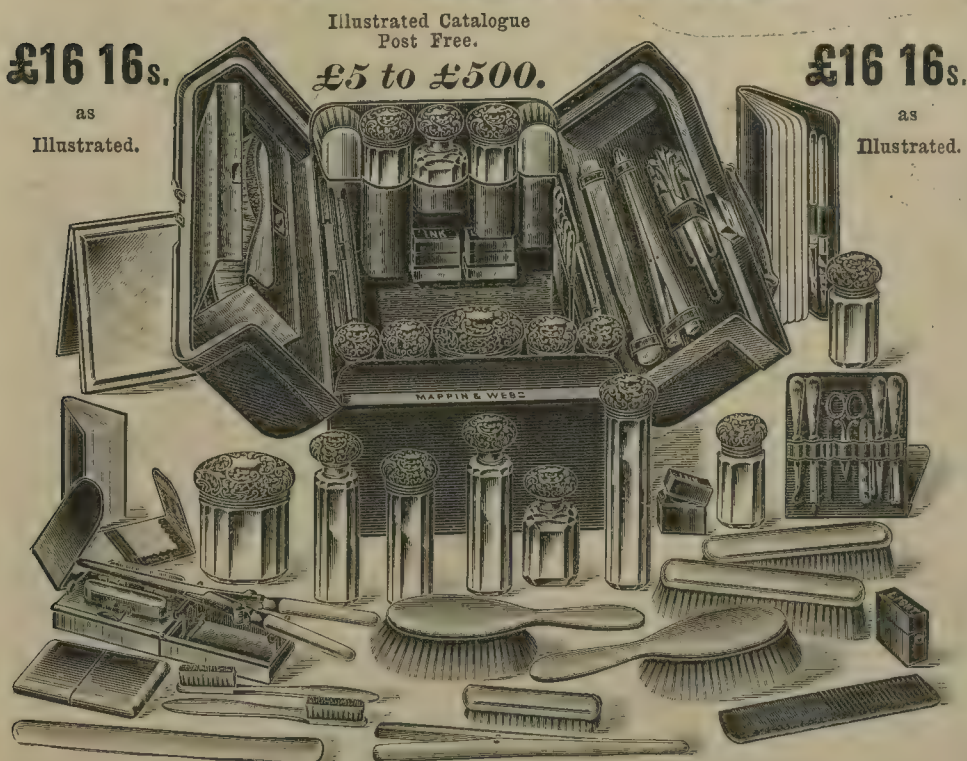
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meaning, to say that "a gallery of ugly grocers," or for the matter of that "a gallery of ugly princes, could easily be arranged." In some classes, of course, beauty is comparatively frequent, simply because it is a strong factor in obtaining admission to the class. I have frequently thought when I have been "moving in high society" that the common nursery saying to children that beauty is of no importance is easily disproved in the presence of a party of peeresses. Even allowing for the excellence of their *couturières* and the skill of their maids, it remains quite apparent that beauty has more than a little to do in raising a lady into the position of a peeress. More than that, the higher the rank in the peerage the more probable it is that the lady holding it will be fair to see. But, even so, it would not be difficult to meet Mr. Furniss's notion, and "a gallery of ugly peeresses could easily be arranged." Actresses, again, are a class in which good looks form a part of the selective influence. A gallery of portraits of celebrities of the theatre will, in the nature of the case, have a high average of good looks; for a certain degree of beauty is necessary to be pleasant on the stage, and, even taken alone, suffices to win a certain sort of position there. But setting aside such special cases of selection for beauty as peeresses and actresses, is it not, alas! the case that the great majority of mankind (of either sex) is the reverse of beautiful? Hence, it is only in accordance with the average if celebrated women are very often found to be plain ones; it is equally true of the average woman, and could be predicted of Sunday school teachers and county ladies. Beauty is rare; passable looks are frequent; but positive plainness must describe a very large proportion of men and women of any rank. At the same time it must be admitted that very pretty girls are apt to presume upon their good looks, and consider, and not without justice, that it is enough for them to be ornamental; while their plainer sisters—with fewer temptations to waste their time in dressing and decorating themselves—are obliged to rely upon their minds to give them any sort of distinction in the world.

Lady Mary Willoughby, who has just married the Earl of Dalhousie, is an exceedingly pretty girl, the daughter of the beautiful Countess of Ancaster. The bride looked most lovely in her wedding-dress, which was of white satin, trimmed with a great deal of lace, including a very deep collar of old point on the bodice; and the train was entirely of lace laid over Brussels net and caught up on the shoulder with orange-blossoms and myrtle. A novel feature was a girdle of mother-of-pearl embroidery, the long ends of which fell to the hem of the skirt. She was attended by child bridesmaids only, of whom there were six, walking in two rows of three, after the dear little pages, who were dressed in Stuart costumes of ivory brocade embroidered with gold, with Scotch bonnets



A SMART BATHING-GOWN.

of blue velvet with a band of ermine round the head, and a white satin cockade, a copy of the bonnet worn by Prince Charles Edward, the Young Pretender, when in Scotland. The little bridesmaids were in pink, their loose hanging frocks of pink satin, draped over with mousseline-de-soie, falling from the shoulder under deep collars of white lace, and hats of pink chiffon, puffed on the crown and a deep frill over the brim, wreathed round with Banksia roses. Lord Dalhousie has held his earldom from his childhood, his father having died quite young of grief for the death of his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached; that is to say, the late Lady Dalhousie died rather suddenly, and a few days afterwards her husband died also, having previously had no apparent disease. Among the numerous beautiful presents given to the new Lady Dalhousie was a white silk parasol, with a jade handle, mounted in a gold band set with diamonds and pearls, from the Princess of Wales.

A black lace coat trimmed with bands of ribbon stitched on, and worn over a white dress, is seen in one of our Illustrations, in company with a black hat trimmed with white plumes. The other is a sketch of a bathing-dress of a *chic* description, made in thin blue serge, and trimmed with bands of white embroidered in a design of anchors and cords. There is a striped blue-and-white sash, and the turban is constructed to match. This costume is, of course, intended for bathing in the sea. The regulation costume for use in swimming-baths, adopted after a consultation of all the leading ladies' clubs, is a much simpler garment of stockinette, with very short sleeves.

The presence of the King and Queen at the display recently given by the Life-Saving Association shows their Majesties' appreciation of the importance of swimming for women as well as men. The best display of diving and fancy swimming was given on that occasion by two ladies, and there were several races and competitions specially for girls, in which classes of Board School children joined with those of higher social rank. By the way, I am glad to know that there is at last one of the London vestries found willing to provide a swimming-bath to which women may go any day and all day. This is a matter on which I have written many times in this page. Most of the London baths provided for by the rates are open for only a very few hours a week for women, the whole of the rest of the time being given to men. But the St. Pancras Borough Council, in their fine new baths in Prince of Wales's Road, near the Albany Gate of Regent's Park, have constructed a ladies' swimming-bath to which access is to be had at all times while the baths are open. It is a nice bath, too, paved with blue tiles, which gives the water a clean, cool look, adorned with hanging baskets of greenery, and provided with a chute, for which example to other borough councils St. Pancras deserves our hearty thanks.

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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The special services at Truro Cathedral which began on July 15, continued for twelve days, concluding on Sunday next. A representative body of clergy from all parts of England were present at the benediction of the nave. Dr. Monk, the organist, led the stately procession,



THE ENGLISH CUP FOR THE GERMAN YACHT RACE FROM HELIGOLAND TO DEAL.

The trophy is a very fine piece of Edwardian art in sterling silver. The modelled figures of Britannia and of mermaids supporting shells are strikingly original in treatment. The inscription runs: "Royal Temple Yacht Club: Ocean Race from Heligoland to Deal for German yachts over fifty tons, July 16, 1903; first prize, presented by the Commodore, Sir H. Seymour King, K.C.I.E., M.P." The cup was designed and modelled by Mappin and Webb, Limited, of Queen Victoria St., E.C., Oxford St., and Regent St., London, W.

which entered the west door to the strains of the 118th Psalm. Twenty-five Bishops walked in the long line, the Archbishop of Canterbury coming last, followed by two train-bearers in scarlet cassocks. The Prince and Princess of Wales were received by the Bishop of Truro and the principal officers of the diocese. The Archbishop of Canterbury preached on the grace of hope, and illustrated his subject with much effectiveness from the history of Truro Cathedral. This solemn and beautiful service will long linger in the memory of Cornish people.

Prebendary Shelford, the new Vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, has won remarkable distinction as a preacher during the forty years in which he has laboured in Hackney and Stoke Newington. The name of the Rector of Stoke Newington has long been a household word to Churchmen and Nonconformists alike. He has rendered great service to the East London Church Fund, and was invited by the present Bishop of London to preach at St. Paul's on St. Andrew's Day, 1897, when his Lordship was consecrated as Bishop of Stepney.

Mr. Arthur Balfour has for some time past taken a personal interest in the excellent work carried on by St. Ethelreda's Church, Fulham, and but for the pressure of official duties would have attended the annual luncheon. The Vicar, the Rev. Sadler Phillips, said they quite hoped that next year they might have the Prime Minister among them. The services at St. Ethelreda's are thoroughly congregational,

and its home missionary efforts have been remarkably successful.

The Bishop of London, in his speech at the annual meeting of the St. Andrew's Waterside Mission, mentioned the interesting fact that the mission has 100,000 libraries in the same number of ships. It has carried on its work for thirty-nine years among the sailors, fishermen, and emigrants at the ports, and its organisation is in complete harmony with the parochial system.

The ancient parish church of Corstorphine, near Edinburgh, one of the most venerable ecclesiastical buildings in Scotland, is to pass into the hands of the restorer. It is of pre-Reformation date, having been



Photo. Russell.

## ENCOURAGEMENT OF FAITHFUL SERVICE BY A LONDON FIRM: A PRIZE-GIVING.

The Mayor of Lambeth recently presided at a presentation of medals and certificates given by Messrs. Scrubb, Guildford Street, Westminster Bridge Road, to their work-lads for punctuality and good service. Every boy who has merited the certificate for three years receives £7 10s., and for four years a medal and £10. Another excellent scheme devised by Messrs. Scrubb is the teaching of trades to their boys, who might otherwise spend years in unskilled labour. The firm permits no boy to work as an unskilled hand for more than four years, and ample opportunity is given to learn tinsmith work and carpentry. In the front row of the group (from left to right) are Captain Andrew (Mayor of Lambeth) and the Rev. E. G. Gordon. In the second row (left to right) are Messrs. E. Houghton, W. Houghton, Col. Hugman, Rev. H. D. Benyon, Rev. E. W. Poynton, Mr. J. W. Ulph, and Mr. W. H. Francis. Behind are the prize-winners with their certificates.

built in 1429 by Sir John Forrester. In the inside are many sculptured tombs and stones. The minister, the Rev. James Ferguson, is an enthusiast for the restoration scheme, which will cost about £4000.

V.



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*redness and roughness of the skin,  
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soft, smooth, and delicate; bottles 2/3 and 4/6.*  
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The best is none too good for little stomachs, and there is none better or purer than

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GOOD-CLASS  
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## HOLIDAY RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

Under the title of "Spend Holidays in North Eastern England," the North Eastern Railway Company issue a powerful "argument" to tourists, which gives particulars of the many cheap travelling facilities offered to the public by them. These embody cycling and walking tours, circular tours, selected tours, thousand-mile holiday tickets, etc. The latter are issued at very low fares. Holiday-makers should have little trouble in choosing a suitable resort from the many on the company's system.

For the convenience of holiday-makers on the Continent, the Great Eastern Railway Company will issue cheap tickets to Brussels, available for eight days, via Harwich and Antwerp. Passengers leaving London in the evening reach Brussels next morning. For visiting the Hague, Amsterdam, and other parts of Holland, the Rhine, North and South Germany, and Bâle for Switzerland, special facilities are offered by the company's Royal British Mail Harwich-Hook of Holland route. The General Steam Navigation Company's fast passenger steamers will leave Harwich for Hamburg on July 29 and Aug. 1, returning Aug. 2 and 5. The Great Eastern Railway also issue cheap tickets to a number of seaside resorts.

The Brighton Railway Company are announcing that by their Newhaven-Dieppe route to Paris and the Continent, through the charming scenery of Normandy and the Valley of the Seine, a special fourteen-day excursion to Paris, Rouen, and Dieppe will be run from London by the express day service on Saturday, Aug. 1, and also by the express night service on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, July 30 and 31 and Aug. 1 and 2. Cheap return tickets to Dieppe will be issued on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, July 31 to Aug. 3, available for return up to the Wednesday. The same company's arrangements include a special service during the Sussex fortnight for Goodwood, Brighton, and Lewes races.

The London and South Western Railway Company announce special holiday arrangements for tourists to

the South Coast, West of England, Isle of Wight, and the French coast. Additional and late trains will run during the holidays, and certain ordinary trains will be suspended on August Bank Holiday. For particulars see other announcements. The period of availability of ordinary return and week-end tickets will be extended as usual. Programmes giving full particulars of excursions, together with official list of seaside, farmhouse, and country lodgings can be obtained free at any of the company's London offices, or upon application to Mr. Henry Holmes, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.

The Great Western Railway Company issue ordinary as well as excursion tickets at their City and West-End offices, where tickets can be obtained during the whole week preceding the Bank Holiday. Pamphlets containing full particulars of the Bank Holiday and season excursions, riverside bookings, and week-end arrangements will be forwarded by the company's divisional officers, station-masters, or town-office agents on receipt of a postcard stating the information required. Bicycle tour tickets are issued daily from Paddington, affording cyclists an opportunity of enjoying the rural scenery of Buckinghamshire and Berkshire. The fares include the conveyance of rider and bicycle. The roads are good and the country undulating, while the hills are not severe. To meet the expected additional traffic the company will run several ordinary trains in duplicate during the week preceding the Bank Holiday.

The South Eastern and Chatham Railway announce the issue of numerous special excursion tickets to Paris, via Folkestone and Boulogne, and via Dover and Calais. A cheap excursion to Boulogne will leave Charing Cross at 2.20 p.m. on Saturday, Aug. 1. Cheap tickets to Brussels by the Calais, Boulogne, and Ostend routes will be issued from July 29 to Aug. 3 inclusive, available for eight days. Special cheap eight-day return tickets to Amsterdam, the Hague, and other Dutch towns, via Queenborough and Flushing (Royal Mail route), will be issued from July 29 to Aug. 3 inclusive, leaving Victoria

and Holborn at 9.25 a.m. Cheap eight-day return tickets to Ostend will be issued from July 29 to Aug. 3 inclusive. Special cheap tours to the Belgian Ardennes are also provided. The home arrangements, which include excursions to many seaside and country towns, are complete. Full particulars of the excursions, extension of time for certain return tickets, alterations in train services, etc., are given in the special holiday programme and bills.

The arrangements made by the Midland Railway Company include numerous excursions to Stirling, Perth, Aberdeen, Inverness, etc., for seven days, and to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dumfries, Castle Douglas, Ayr, etc., for seven days, by which trains third-class return tickets will be issued at about a single fare for the double journey, available for sixteen days. Cheap excursion tickets can be obtained from London (St. Pancras) to Dublin and the South of Ireland, to Belfast, Londonderry, Portrush, etc., and to Leicester, Nottingham, Manchester, Stockport, Liverpool, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, etc. Excursion trains are run every Friday and Saturday from London (St. Pancras) and other principal Midland stations to numerous seaside and inland holiday resorts.

The Great Central Railway Company have issued an "A.B.C." programme which sets forth very clearly the arrangements they have made for August Bank Holiday. There will be excursions from London (Marylebone), Woolwich, Greenwich, and Metropolitan stations to Stratford-on-Avon, Rugby, Leicester, Nottingham, Sheffield, Huddersfield, Halifax, Bradford, Leeds, Manchester, Cleethorpes, Bridlington, Scarborough, Liverpool, Southport, Lytham, Blackpool, Fleetwood, North-East and North-West Coast watering-places, Douglas (Isle of Man), and other inland and seaside holiday resorts reached by the company's expeditious and picturesque route. For simplicity and facility of reference it would be difficult to excel this guide. Copies can be obtained free at Marylebone Station and the company's town offices and agencies.



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polishes black as a crow, brilliant as a diamond, and  
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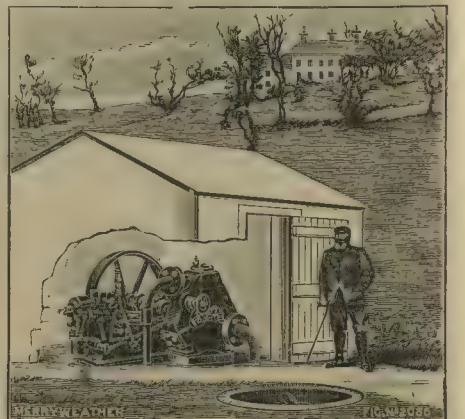
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 26, 1900) of Mr. George Jonathan Mills, of Colville, Gratwicke Road, Worthing, who died on May 7, was proved on July 2 by Mrs. Georgiana Mills, the widow, and William Riches Mills, the son, the surviving executors, the value of the estate amounting to £129,198. The testator gives his residence, with the furniture, etc., and £1000 to his wife; and during her life £250 per annum each to his sons William Riches, James Webb, Robert Henry, and Frank; £400 per annum, in trust, for his son George Jonathan; £500 each to his children; and annuities of £150 each to his daughters Georgiana and Jane. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife for life, and then as she shall appoint to his children by her.

The will (dated May 1, 1880, with four codicils) of Mr. Abraham Follett Osler, F.R.S., of South Bank, Edgbaston, who died on April 26, has been proved by Henry Follett Osler, the son, the Rev. Henry Enfield Dowson, and William James Russell, the executors, the value of the estate being £123,783. The testator gives £25 each to the Royal Gardeners' Orphan Fund and the Gardeners' Mutual Improvement Society; the income for life from one tenth of the residue of his property to his son Henry and his wife, and the survivor of them; an annuity of £500, in trust, for his son Sidney; and a few small legacies. All the rest and remainder of his property he leaves as to two ninths to the two children of

his daughter Mrs. Russell, and seven ninths, in trust, for his daughter Mrs. Dowson.

The will (dated June 19, 1902) of the Rev. William Henry Cooper, of St. Martin's, Stamford, who died on April 21, was proved on July 14 by Colonel John Anstruther Smith Cuninghame, Charles Ethelston Parke, James Lawford, and William Duncan, the value of the estate being £106,607. The testator gives £1000 each to the Governesses' Benevolent Society (Sackville Street), the National Life-Boat Institution, and the Gordon Boys' Homes; £500 each to the Church Missionary Society, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Leicester Fever Home, the Hunstanton Convalescent Home, the Leicester Infirmary, the Peterborough Infirmary, the Royal Hospital (Chelsea), and the Royal Sailors' Rests at Portsmouth and Devonport, conducted by Miss Weston; £1000 to the Cooper Convalescent Home at Woodhouse Eaves; £300 to the Loughborough Dispensary and Infirmary; £200 to the Charnwood Forest Convalescent Home; £600 to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society, Bisley; £3000 to Charles Ethelston Parke; £2000 each to Miss Charlotte Dick Cunyngnam and Mrs. Matilda Thompson; £300 and an annuity of £800 to his daughter Miss Susanna Martha Anne Cooper; and many other legacies. The residue of his property is to be accumulated until the death of his daughter, when he gives £3000 to the Prince of Wales's

Hospital Fund; £2000 each to the Consumption Hospital (Brompton), the Cancer Hospital (Brompton), the National Hospital for the Paralyzed and Epileptic (Queen's Square), the Midland Counties Homes for Incurables (Leamington), and the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution; £1000 each to the Cooper Convalescent Home and the Peterborough Cathedral Restoration Fund; and £500 each to the Ophthalmic Hospital (Moorfields), the Midland Deaf and Dumb Institution (Derby), the Middlesex Hospital, the Charing Cross Hospital, the Hospital for Sick Children (Great Ormond Street), and the West-End Hospital for Nervous Diseases (Welbeck Street). The ultimate residue of his property he leaves to Charles E. Parke.

The will of Mr. Thomas Halliburton, of The Oaks, Upper Norwood, who died on Feb. 16, 1903, has been proved by Professor W. D. Halliburton, of King's College, London, the son, John Taylor and Harold Thorpe, the sons-in-law, and Edward Stone, the executors and trustees, to whom he gives £200 each. The net value of the real and personal estate is sworn at £90,484 8s. 2d., and the realty valued at £41,773 15s. The testator bequeaths the use of his residence to his widow for life; he makes numerous specific bequests of stocks and shares to his son, and his daughters Mrs. Thorpe, Mrs. Adams Smith, and Mrs. Taylor; and gives various legacies to relatives. The residue of his property he devises, upon trust, out of the income

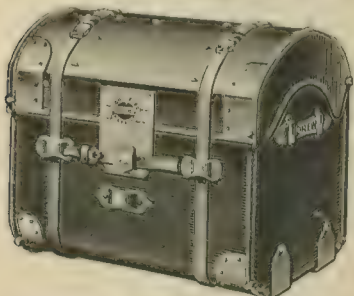


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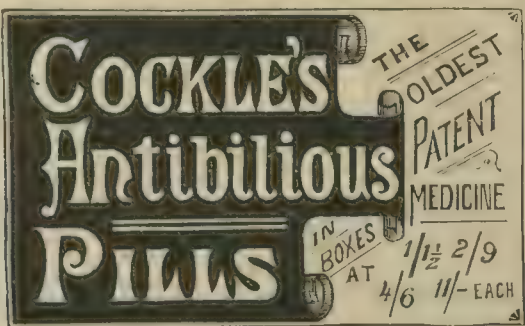
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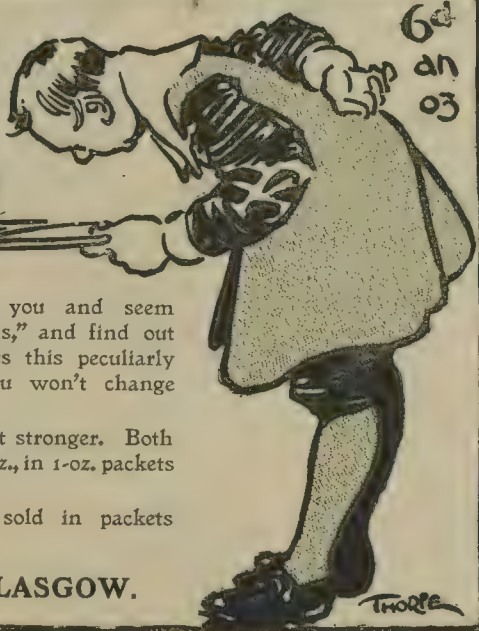
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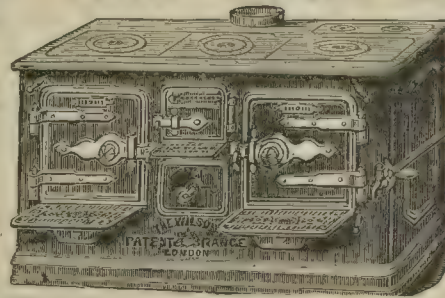
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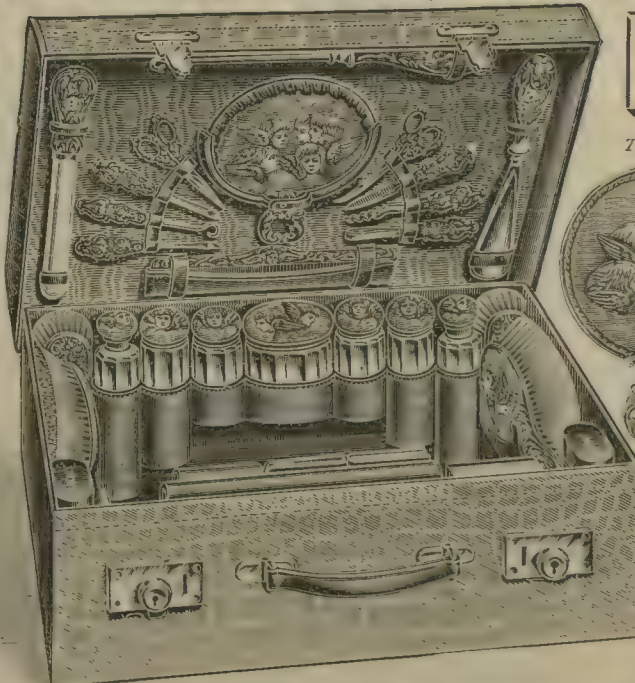
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derived from his ground-rents, to pay to his widow £1000 during her life, and, subject thereto, the freehold ground-rents are settled equally upon testator's son and daughters, to whom the residuary estate is given absolutely in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 22, 1898) of the Rev. Arthur George Warner, M.A., Rector of St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, of 1, Summer Place, South Kensington, who died on April 29, was proved on July 10 by Edmond Warner, the brother, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £60,453. The testator gives his one-third share of the Priory Estate, Hornsey, and in the premises, 23, Rood Lane, his books, scientific instruments, coins, and medals, and all his real property to his brother; £1000 each to Theodore Rich and Muriel Pope; £1000 to Mary Ann Lloyd; and legacies to servants. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to his sister Caroline.

The will (dated June 11, 1903) of Mr. Henry Stuart, of Cross Deep, Twickenham, and 33, Old Change, E.C., who died on June 24, was proved on July 13 by Montague Pelham Stuart, the son, the value of the property being

£55,872. The testator bequeaths his household furniture, etc., horses and carriages, to his son Montague; £500 each to Florence Eliza Johnson and Muriel Burrows; £200 to Mary Thompson; and £100 to Emma Amelia Phillips. The residue of his property he leaves among Montague Pelham Stuart, Henry Stuart, and Herbert Stanley Stuart.

The will (dated May 26, 1903) of Sir John Hutton, of 7, Kensington Court, Kensington, who died on May 31, was proved on July 9 by Ernest Hutton and Montague Hutton, the sons, and George Tilling, the executors, the value of the estate being £52,350. The testator directs that the "A.B.C. Railway Guide," with the copyright, is to be carried on, and two thirds of the income paid to his wife, and one sixth each to his sons. Amongst other bequests are £3000 and the household furniture, and the enjoyment for life of his residence, to his wife; £1000 to his daughter Winifred; £1000 to her husband Alexander Carson Smyth, and £3000 to the trustees of their marriage settlement; £2000 to James Burn; £500 to George Tilling; and £500 to Mrs. Adelaide Hutton.

The will (dated Dec. 4, 1889), with a codicil (dated Aug. 5, 1898), of Lieutenant-Colonel Count Henry Charles Adolphus Frederick William Aldenburg Bentinck, late Coldstream Guards, of 53, Green Street, Park Lane, and Bustard Manor, Martin, Salisbury, who died on June 18, was proved on July 13 by the Countess Henrietta Eliza Cathcart Aldenburg Bentinck, the widow, the value of the estate being £42,763. The testator gives to his wife everything he dies possessed of.

The catalogue issued by Mr. G. E. Lewis, 32 and 33, Lower Loveday Street, Birmingham, differs from many others, inasmuch as it is a record of actual stock in the show-rooms, and gives a full description of each gun, rifle, etc. It is illustrated, and is published at sixpence.

We regret to state that in publishing the surcharged Servian stamp in our last issue we omitted to mention that it was supplied to us by Messrs. Whitfield, King, and Co., the well-known stamp-dealers of Ipswich.

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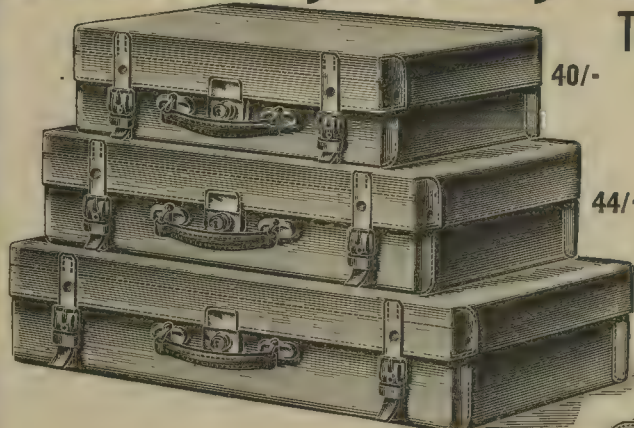
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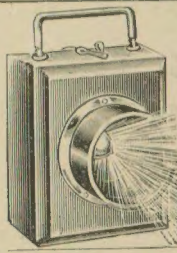
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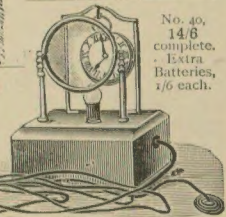
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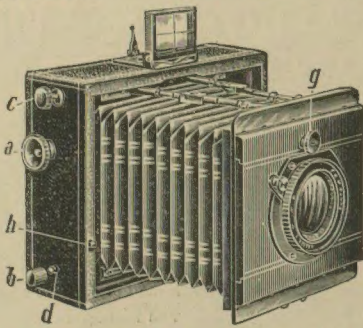
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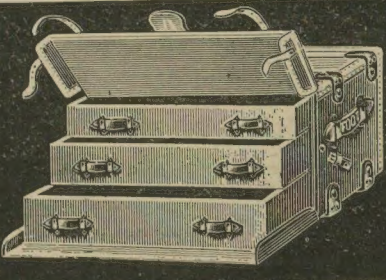
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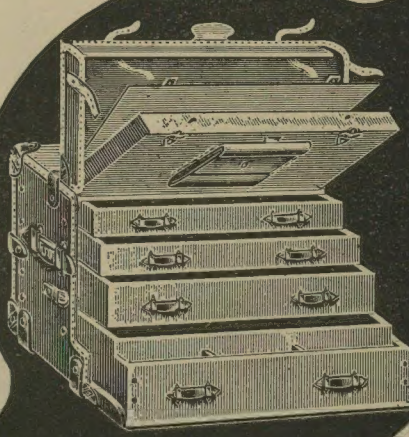


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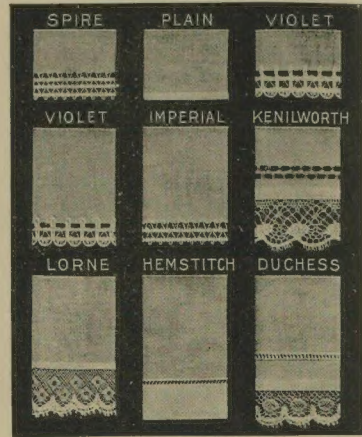


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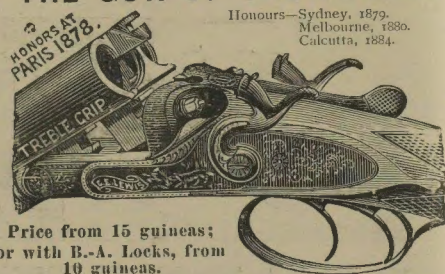
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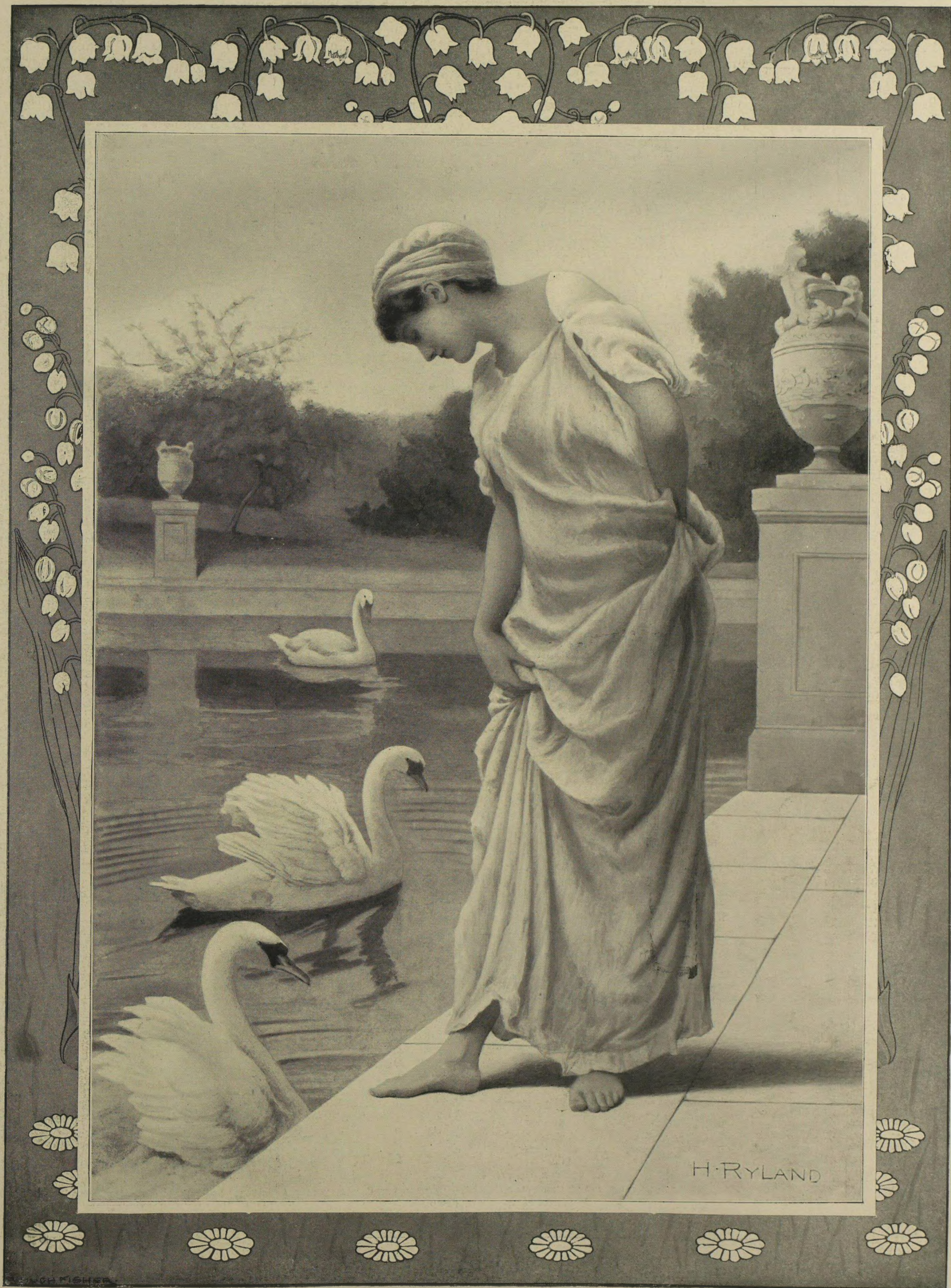
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